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FOREIGN OFFICE MUDDLING.

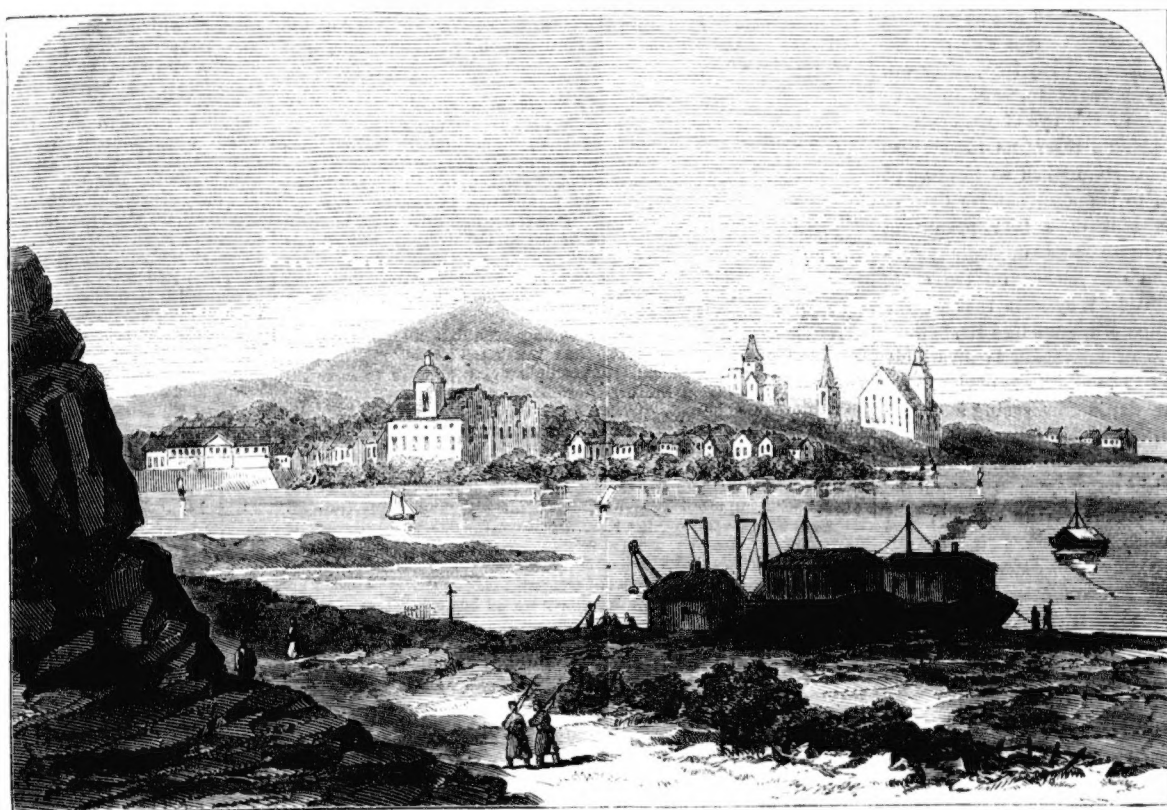
At present it is useless to discuss any further the conduct of our Government in the affairs of Denmark. It is disgraceful conduct, but it is thought to be safe and inexpensive, and therefore, after a few twitches of conscience and certain throes of apprehension lest Earl Russell may not have taken the most profitable course in the end, the country acquiesces. The Danes have all the advantage of our "moral support," it is true; but meantime they are being ruined, and have no confidence that this support will help them to repossess the Dannewerk, or damp the ardour of German gunpowder. Moral support! What we have seen of its operation these two or three years inclines us to think that the term is altogether mistaken. It was an immoral support which Earl Russell offered to the Poles; it is an immoral support with which he has mocked the weakness of the Danes and encouraged their swarming enemies. Not that his Lordship has any suspicion of that; and, being a genuine Whig statesman, there is probably no man in these kingdoms who has read the late proclamation of the King of Denmark to his army with less perturbation of mind. It is pathetic, too. "The

Dannewerk has been abandoned. The guns which were to have curbed the arrogance of the enemy are in their hands. The country lies open to the enemy. I deeply feel with you what we have already lost. But, my friends, I have only this one army for the defence of the country, and your Generals were of opinion that I should

no longer have an army at all if I did not withdraw you. I stand alone in the world with my people. No Power has yet declared that it will support us by acts," which the King seems to think ought to be the natural consequence of words. "Not so," says Earl Russell; "we have advised you into difficulties, it is true; but none the more for that is it the

business of her Majesty's Government to help you out of them. At the same time, do not forget that you have my sympathy," which the unfortunate King might exchange with profit for a handful of percussion caps or a pound of powder.

But our disgrace in this matter is an accomplished fact; and therefore we may leave it to the contemplation of friends and enemies, and turn to other affairs. Having earned the contempt of all parties engaged in the foul invasion of Schleswig and the hideous conflict in Poland, let us see what we are gaining out of the American war. The hatred and contempt of both parties there also! Nor is there anything new in the process by which we attain this melancholy end. All is accomplished by making known to the world our readiness to interpose in any quarrel and the serenity with which we are prepared to take the consequences, as



THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—CASTLE OF GOTTORF, IN SOUTH SCHLESWIG.



AUSTRIAN RIFLEMEN: CHANGING BRIGADES.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

laid down by Butler in "Hudibras." Commerce and cowardice is now so well understood to be the motto of our Government that even when Earl Russell does venture to send big words back to a big blusterer nobody gives him credit for the least sincerity. Take, for instance, his Lordship's declarations in the dispute about the Alabama. Nothing can be more emphatic than his statement that neither now nor at any future time will her Majesty's Ministers listen to the claims of the Federal Government for compensation for damage done to American shipping by that daring cruiser; and yet we are all perfectly sure that this declaration will not have the slightest influence on the counsels of Mr. Seward. True, it may occur to the American Secretary that this is a matter which has to be settled, not by a big-little Minister, but by the House of Commons. The claims of Mr. Seward on account of the "depredations" of the Alabama already amount to about two millions and a half sterling; but, if they amounted to only a thousandth part of that sum, the money must be voted by the House of Commons before it can be paid; and therefore Mr. Seward may be as well aware as Earl Russell that it never will be paid. The noble Earl is perfectly safe, then, in denying boldly what he dare not ask; but until the American Government is checked by the House of Commons they will pay little attention to the "attitude" of the noble Earl. The demand, the threats, will be repeated; for there may yet be a chance of "taking a rise" out of the statesman who was kicked out of Poland by Prince Gortschakoff and who betrayed the Danes.

But the mere existence of these demands is sufficient to condemn the conduct of our Government. About their legal absurdity there appears to be no doubt. In America, no more than in England, would there be any chance of substantiation for them in any court of law; and yet they are made with all the emphasis of a wronged and irascible tradesman who calls for "that little account." It is very well for the friends of American statesmanship to say that, after all, such claims as these are only brought forward to serve political purposes at home; that to the eye of the observer Mr. Seward palpably winks when he threatens to chastise us; and that he really is not so foolish as to attempt anything of the kind, or even to suppose that we deserve it. Probably it is so; but how does it happen that American statesmen always practise this unpleasant manoeuvre upon us, and never upon our friends on the other side of the Channel, for instance? Why is it that in the great Bunkum pantomime, in which Ministers like Mr. Seward "star it" once a year, the part of Pantaloon is invariably forced on our Foreign Secretary? The answer is obvious. An American mob takes particular delight in seeing a British Minister caper in that capacity, and British Ministers are accustomed to take the rôle without resistance, and even without the satisfaction of seeing the fun of it. But we, the British public, find more humiliation than amusement in the comedy, and desire to withdraw from any future representation. How to do so may appear difficult till we consider what would be the result if Mr. Seward were to address such despatches to the French Emperor as are addressed to Earl Russell, or attempt to make home capital out of his capacity to take menace without anger.

Not that we have any fault to find with Earl Russell's determination to punish every infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act promptly, or even to strain the letter of the law to carry out its spirit. Because Mr. Seward demands with threats what can never be yielded with justice, that is no reason why we should not enforce our own laws and do right. But let it be seen first that we are ready to meet threats with chastisements, and next that we are anxious to do equal right. It is a reproach to us that, while the Government moves heaven and earth to "get up evidence" to justify them in detaining a vessel suspected of being designed for service against the Federals, of whom we are afraid, her Majesty's subjects are engaged by thousands daily in making weapons for service against the Confederates, of whom we are not afraid. Earl Russell is doubly right in averring that the Foreign Enlistment Act needs amendment. Let it be amended, but not in such a way that its provisions may work with that one-sided severity which Earl Russell seems to think it was designed for.

CASTLE GOTTORF, SCHLESWIG.

WE have already, in previous Numbers, given some description of the city of Schleswig, which is one of the smallest capitals to be found anywhere out of Germany, where small States, and consequently small capital cities, are sufficiently numerous. The city, which contains only 11,000 inhabitants, is situated at one corner of a large "fjord," or bay, formed by an arm of the sea, and when first seen by the stranger looks like a long straggling village built on the margin of a great pool. The principal thoroughfare, called the Lollfuss, leads from the houses on the banks of the fjord to the "old city," as it is called, which stands at its upper end, and is little entitled, either in point of extent or splendour, to so lofty a designation as that of "city."

The Gottorf palace, of which we publish an Engraving, is situated on one of two little islands, formed by the creeks in the bay or fjord, on the banks of which the capital of the duchy is built. In front of the palace there is an avenue of trees, at the end of which the palace stands. The edifice looks like a long whitewashed barrack; and, like German palaces generally, has not the slightest pretension to architectural ornament. In ordinary times, this is the residence of the "Stadtholder," or Governor of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein; but was lately honoured by being occupied by the King himself, when the red and white flag of Denmark floated from the dumpy square tower in the centre of the building. The name of Gottorf is derived from one of the three lines of Princes whose descendants are now claiming to be the legitimate heir to the twin dukedoms, as they are termed.

THE SCHIELAND PALACE, the museum and picture-gallery of Rotterdam, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, the whole contents being consumed, and nothing but the bare walls left standing.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

In political circles in Paris there are rumours of forthcoming conferences on the Dan-German "difficulty," while the speech of the Emperor of Austria is construed in a pacific sense. There is an *on dit* that Lord Cowley has stated his impression that, come what may in the north of Europe, England will not go to war.

From Mexico the news is that the adherents of Juarez had almost everywhere been dispersed, and that the capture of Campeche was expected.

ITALY.

The Minister of the Interior has issued orders to the Prefects to push on the armament of the National Guards. Large quantities of material of war continue to be forwarded to Ancona and Bologna.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria closed the Session of the Reichsrath in person on Monday. In his speech he took a somewhat rose-coloured view of affairs. He has joy for the continued prosperity of the empire, and grief for the distress in Hungary. The Session had not, he said, been remarkable; but it had produced some good work. He has endeavoured to maintain peace, and, indeed, he announces that the mission of Austria is to raise the voice of peace in the council of nations. His "friendly relations with all the great Powers of Europe promise the complete attainment of this object." Denmark, of course, is not a great Power; and therefore the maintenance of friendly relations with her is not of much account. At any rate, that would seem to be the meaning of the statement of what Austria has done in regard to Schleswig in conjunction with Prussia. The Emperor confidently hopes that what has been done in that matter "will secure a happy future to the countries whose rights have long been violated, and will not endanger the peace of Europe in a more extended sphere." Finally, there is a glowing allusion to the strength with which Austria is to pursue the "new path of liberty which she has entered."

The provincial Diets have been convoked for the 2nd of March.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

A Berlin telegram states that private letters received in that city from Warsaw report that on the 10th a squadron and a half of Russian cavalry, led by a single officer, entered the Polish capital in wild disorder. It was presumed that an engagement with the insurgents, ending unfavourably for the Russians, must have taken place in the neighbourhood of Warsaw.

The insurgent leader Jankowski and the national gendarme Schindler were hanged upon the glacis of the Warsaw citadel on the 12th inst. A Cossack was shot, for desertion to the insurgents, upon the same occasion.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WE have intelligence from New York to the 6th inst. The Confederates appear to be making a general aggressive movement. Longstreet is reported to have driven the Federals into Knoxville, and to have got possession of the valley of the French Broad River, whence large supplies of forage can be drawn. It is asserted, however, that Longstreet's cavalry had been defeated with the loss of two guns. Southern despatches state that the Federals had abandoned Tazewell and were retreating through Cumberland Gap. General Forster, at his own request, was relieved from the command at Knoxville on the 28th. General Schofield had been ordered to succeed him.

At Tunnel Hill the Confederates had been driven in and a company of cavalry captured; but had taken Scotsville, in Kentucky, with the Federal garrison. Johnston's army appears to have all but disappeared from Dalton—part having gone to Mobile and part to reinforce Longstreet. General Martin had attacked the Federals on the 28th ult., between Morristown and Louisville, and, after a stout contest, drove them from the field. The Confederates reoccupied Corinth on the 30th ult.

In Western Virginia the Confederates had assumed the aggressive. They had occupied Petersburg, capturing a heavy supply-train on its way there. They also took Burlington, but were afterwards driven out of it by the Federals. They had, however, succeeded in carrying off large quantities of supplies.

There was a renewed report of General Meade being superseded by General Thomas, and that the latter would be replaced by General Hooker.

At Newbern, in North Carolina, they had driven in the Federal outposts; but, on pressing their advantages, were repulsed. On the James River they had captured a small expedition sent out by General Butler, and had destroyed a gun-boat which had been dispatched to the support of the Federal expedition.

Two brigades of Louisiana and Texas troops were marching to the Mississippi River to temporarily blockade it and get arms from the last trans-Mississippi Department. The Confederates had also seized upon Island No. 60.

General Banks and Admiral Farragut were organising at New Orleans an expedition to attack Mobile.

The Federals had recommenced shelling Fort Sumter, having discovered that the Confederates had remounted five guns on the fort. The bombardment of Charleston proceeded, but, if the *New York Post* is to be credited, there seems to be an intention of abandoning the siege. General Gilmore was in New York, and was said to have expressed an opinion that it was impossible to take Charleston, and that, moreover, it would be of no use to the Federals even if they did capture it.

Mr. Lincoln, under date of the 1st inst., has ordered a draught for 500,000 men to serve for three years or during the war, to take place on the 10th of March. From this number are to be deducted all volunteers and draughted men not accredited upon any other call. The proclamation has taken the public by surprise, and is asserted to have been rendered imperatively necessary by recent news received from the South, or by the probability of a war with France and England.

Congress had recommended the revival of the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army, and suggested that General Grant should be selected to fill the office.

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered a court of inquiry to assemble at Boston for the purpose of investigating the charge against the master's mate of the *Vanderbilt* for shooting Mr. Gray, of the Saxon, after the capture of the vessel.

The mortality among the negroes on the Federal plantations in Louisiana was alarmingly great.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM HUNT, the well-known painter in water colours, died at his residence, Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road, on Wednesday week, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Hunt has exhibited in the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours since 1824. His works have latterly formed one of the chief attractions of the annual exhibitions, and their absence will create a void that the society will not easily be able to fill.

MR. DYCE, the celebrated Academician, by whom some of the frescoes in the New Palace at Westminster were executed, died at his residence at Streatham on Sunday last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

MISS LUCY ALKIN, the well-known authoress, died at Hampstead on the 29th ult., in her 83rd year. Miss Alkin's principal works were *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, of James I., and Charles I., and *A Life of Addison*.

BRIGHTON ELECTION.—The nomination of candidates for Brighton took place on Saturday. The proceedings were altogether of an unruly character so far as the crowd before the hustings was concerned. It seems to have bestowed its favours in the shape of stones, vegetables, fish, and mud in an impartial manner. Five candidates were proposed—Mr. Moor, a Conservative; Mr. Harper, who takes his stand on Protestantism; Professor Fawcett, Mr. Goldsmid, and Mr. Dumas, Liberals. Mr. Goldsmid attacked Professor Fawcett and his committee in strong terms, but his observations seem to have got little further than to the reporters, owing to the noise in front of the hustings. Professor Fawcett was listened to more attentively than any of the other candidates. The show of hands was wholly in his favour, very few being held up for the other gentlemen. The polling took place on Monday, when the votes recorded were:—For Mr. H. Moor, 1663; Mr. Fawcett, 1468; Mr. Goldsmid, 773; Mr. Dumas, 246; and Mr. Harper, 82.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SCHLESWIG.

POSITION OF THE ARMIES.

THE greater part of the Danish army has taken refuge at Düppel and in the island of Alsen, to which they were followed by the Austro-Prussian forces, while another portion of the Danes have retired into Jutland. A struggle for the possession of Düppel is about to commence; but it is believed that a regular siege will be necessary before the position can be taken, if it is taken at all. The fighting for the last few days has been confined to skirmishes between the Danish rear guard and reconnoitring parties of the Prussians, who are, by special arrangement, allowed to form the van of the Austro-Prussian army. The Austrian head-quarters were at Apenrade and those of the Prussians at Gravenstein, a little to the south of Düppel. A report from General de Lutichau, the new Commander of the Danish army, has been published in Copenhagen. In this report the General says "that during two days and two nights the Danish troops had to struggle in the midst of snow and ice, during the whole course of their retreat against forces three times more numerous. Exhausted by fatigue, but still unbroken, the Danish battalions, to the number of fourteen, were able to reach the heights of Düppel, and thence, for a certain number, the island of Alsen. Unfortunately, a body of 5000 infantry and three regiments of cavalry, who were separated for several days from the main army, were obliged to proceed northwards towards Jutland, constantly pursued by the enemy. They succeeded, however, in crossing the River Kienigau, and escaped from the attacks of the invading troops." At Düppel and on the island of Alsen there are nearly 30,000 Danish troops. The narrowest point of the arm of the sea separating Alsen from the main land lies between the village of Düppel, on the peninsular side of the strait, and the town of Sonderburg on the island. A bridge of boats connects the two sides of the strait, which are not more than 300 paces across. On the western side of Düppel the Danes have two earthworks of immense strength and bristling with guns of position. The number of cannon mounted upon these works is not accurately known, but is generally admitted to be very large. The guns in question were mostly brought from Rendsburg before the Danes gave up that fortress to the troops of the Bund. The works at Düppel command not only the terrain and approaches westward on the main land, including the chaussee, or high road from Flensburg, but also the straits and the opposite shore on the island.

By the latest accounts received it appears that the Danes are determined not only to refuse to entirely evacuate the duchy of Schleswig, but to endeavour to reconquer it. Their ships of war are daily hovering about the coast, and there is a probability that an attempt will be made to retake Flensburg or some other town. The flower of the Danish troops are posted on the Düppel heights and at other places. The allies, however, know that Alsen must be taken before they can be masters of all Schleswig, and therefore have made every preparation for laying a vigorous siege to the place. The large island of Femern, which belongs to Schleswig, is to be occupied by the allies. It was anticipated that an attack would be made for the purpose of compelling the Danes to retire under the protection of their works. The duty of attacking these positions devolves on Prince Frederick Charles. On the 11th inst. a force estimated at about 16,000 men passed through Flensburg. The Austrian corps and the combined Prussian Guard division passed through Apenrade on Sunday last, and, as these troops had thus advanced so far northward, it was even anticipated that the boundary of Jutland would be crossed, though later accounts tend to throw doubt on this statement.

The district around Gravenstein and Düppel, which is now so strongly occupied with the allied troops, is very fertile and thickly populated. The Sundewitt projects into the Baltic, and forms the peninsular counterpart of the island of Alsen, from which it is separated by the Alsen Sound, and with which it is connected behind the Düppel heights by two bridges, each of which is about 500 paces long. The strait is deep, and the stream runs so rapidly that it scarcely ever freezes.

THE ROAD BETWEEN SCHLESWIG AND FLENSBURG.

A correspondent thus describes the road between Schleswig and Flensburg, along which he passed in order to reach the German head-quarters:—"It was impossible to follow it without feeling pity for the unfortunate soldiers, exposed to all the hardships and sufferings of war at a season which renders them doubly painful. The cold was intense, and everything was covered with snow. The rigour of the weather will have contributed to the death of many; and assuredly, if the campaign were to last much longer, the hospitals would be full of sick as well as of wounded. As a mere picture, however, the appearance of the road was interesting enough, filled as it was during the greater part of its extent with trains of vehicles, groups of soldiers, both infantry and cavalry, carts with sick men, oxen for the commissariat, &c., the whole including every variety of military costume to be found in the Prussian and Austrian armies, and innumerable studies in which Vernet would have delighted. The scene at the 'stations' on the road was very bustling and animated. These stations are roadside houses at which travellers stop to bait their horses. They usually consist of a dwelling and a stable, between which is a paved court admitting two or more carriages at a time. The court is roofed over and closed by walls at each end, so as to be quite sheltered from the weather when the large doors are closed, through one of which carriages enter, while by the other they issue forth from their temporary refuge. On some of the Schleswig roads one finds stations built completely across the highway, so that all vehicles must pass through them, which few probably do without taking some refreshment for horse or man, or both. This consists in general of coarse brown bread cut up in a trough for the horses, and of bad *kimmel* (a spirit flavoured with carraways), or worse rum, for driver and passengers. A roaring trade must these stations of late have driven. There are several on the road from Schleswig to Flensburg, but we stopped only at two. At each the *stube*, a single grimy room in which travellers are received and refreshed according to the very limited capabilities of the establishment, was thronged to the door. Infantry of the line, both Prussian and Austrian; Tyrolean Rifles, with their dark plumes; Austrian Dragoons, in their long white cloaks (white no longer, but grievously besmirched by this rough campaigning); Liechtenstein Hussars, in their neat shakos of a pale yellow colour; Prussian cuirassiers, in dark greatcoats, were all there; all with their collars turned up to shelter their faces from the piercing blast that whistled outside, while the snow clung about their garments and stuck in masses to their boots."

In fact, the roads in Schleswig are just now lively in the extreme. An enormous traffic passes over every hour of the four and twenty, though it is of an order bringing no profit to the turnpikes, which are as numerous as on the great north road of England. First there comes a company of Prussian infantry, with their dark brown cloaks, wearing the white sash upon their left arm, which General von Wrangel has ordered them to wear, in memory of the campaign the Austrians and Prussians fought side by side half a century ago. The officer in command is riding on in front, with his helmet buried beneath the hood of his cloak, in a vain attempt to keep out the cold, and the men stumble on in broken line, footsore, silent, and weary. There is no singing now, as on the rail; this is business, not pleasure; then follows a long straggling team of provender-waggons, filled with bricks of coarse black bread, frozen over with a fine sprinkling of snow. The drivers are walking slowly by their horses' heads, smoking long, large-bowled pipes, and objugating their horses whenever they have time to take the pipes out of their mouths. Then, in the grey, dim distance, you see a cloud of snow advancing, and out of the mist there comes a troop of Austrian cavalry, who gallop on in defiance of the roads, and without the fear of sudden death before their eyes. Then a peasant's waggon jogs by, filled with farmers and civilians of every class, huddled together in a heap at the bottom of the cart, going on business to the army. Sledges are not unfrequent, the "Herrschaften" sitting in front, wrapped up in rugs and furs, with little beyond their noses visible, and the drivers

sitting astride on a plank jutting out behind the car. Following the sleighs, there will be perhaps a train of artillery struggling its way onwards to the front. There are six horses to every gun—stout, stalwart nags, looking like our brewers' horses with the extra flesh pared down—but it is as much as they can do to keep the wheels rolling. Then there are stray detachments of Hungarian infantry, with their grey coats and white pipeclayed belts and close-fitting blue hose. Somehow or other, these non-German troops appear to suffer less from the weather than the Prussians; at any rate, they keep up their spirits better. Upon all the high roads there are scores and scores of well-dressed pedestrians, with long fair hair, blue spectacles, red caps, and all the other inseparable attributes of Teutonic studentdom. These are German students going out to see the war, quite in a holiday-making way.

THE BATTLE AT OVERSEE.

The correspondent from whom we have already quoted gives the following account of the fighting at Oversee on Saturday last:—

"At Smedeby, a hamlet about seven miles from Flensburg, we came to the beginning of the battle-field of Saturday last. It extended past the hamlet of Oversee, close to a little lake or mere, to Bilschau, less than three miles from Flensburg. The chief fighting, however, was by Oversee. The point at which the Danes made their most stubborn stand struck the eye at once. The road rose into a short but rather steep hill, and close up to it on each side came a small wood, considerably more dense on the one hand than on the other, but on both sides affording excellent cover for the infantry. It was quite obvious that by filling this wood with riflemen and placing artillery on the brow of the road between them, with a battalion or two under cover on the open ground in rear for the protection of the guns, the progress of a pursuing enemy might be made particularly unpleasant, and probably for a time successfully checked. The Danes availed themselves of the advantage of the ground, and there was hard fighting at this point. The misfortune of fighting in retreat is that the best and most defensible positions must, after a short time, be abandoned by their defenders, often in exchange for others most dangerous and exposed. And so the Danes retreated, fighting like brave men, as their adversaries freely admit, and suffering not a little loss, but also inflicting a good deal of damage upon their gallant and eager pursuers. A squadron of Hungarian Hussars charged along the road and suffered heavily; the Austrian infantry made frequent use of the bayonet. The road and adjacent fields bore conclusive signs of a sharp contest. We were told as we came along that corpses were still numerous there, but I saw only one or two, besides the carcasses of several horses. Peasants were making their way about the field accompanied by soldiers, and doubtless they had been occupied with the work of interment. On all sides lay shakos, knapsacks, pouchbelts, and other articles of military equipment; here and there a bayonet, and the barrel or stock of a rifle, protruded from the snow. We met a great many peasants carrying away arms. What had become of the wounded? Had all been taken away? If not, it was now too late to attend to them; their sufferings were over. Among yonder trees, where the snow lies deep between, and under these huge drifts many a poor fellow may have groaned his last, unaided and despairing, and tortured by the dreadful thirst consequent on wounds. It is probable that many have done so."

SHARES TAKEN BY THE ALLIES IN THE FIGHTING.

Although the Prussians are much more numerous than the Austrians, it has so happened that, by the latter, the work has been chiefly done, and on them nearly all the loss has fallen. The affair at Missunde may have had an object, but it certainly had no results; and, although Prussian journalists appear to have been magniloquent about it, it was in reality an insignificant business, which would hardly be noticed in the middle of a campaign and in the case of an army less completely unused to fighting than that of Prussia. If any credit is to be claimed for it, it is by the Danes, who, without any extraordinary exertions, and while replying with an almost contemptuous slackness to their enemy's fire, repulsed the attack. If they had studied the ground rather better beforehand, and had trained some of their guns to bear accurately on the high road to Kosel, along which the Prussian artillery came, they would have inflicted severe damage. It is in consequence of the fact that the Austrians have hitherto taken the most prominent part in the campaign that to the Prussians has now been assigned the post of honour in advance.

PROCLAMATION OF KING CHRISTIAN TO THE ARMY.

The King of Denmark has addressed the following proclamation to the army:—

"Soldiers!—It is not only by bravery in the field, but by patiently enduring privations, hunger, coldness of the climate, and fatigue, that a soldier proves his fidelity to his Sovereign and patriotism towards his native country. Only a small number of you have had an opportunity of showing in battle with a numerically vastly superior enemy that you have not degenerated since the days of Fredericia and Idstedt; but, on the other hand, you have all been enabled to give brilliant proofs of your firmness and perseverance, combined with cheerfulness and courage under adversity and hardships."

"Soldiers!—Receive the grateful thanks of your King. The Dannewerk is abandoned. In possession of the enemy are those guns which were to have tamed his haughtiness. The country now lies open to the enemy. Deeply I feel with you what we have lost by it. But, my friends, I have but this one army for the defence of our kingdom, and your leaders, with experience and knowledge of war, were unanimously of opinion that I should sacrifice my army unless it retreated, and that is why they gave the order."

"Soldiers!—I stand alone in the world with my people. Hitherto

no single Power has offered us assistance and co-operation. But I place my confidence in you and the navy. You are ready to shed your blood; but it will be dearly purchased, for we are but few against overpowering numbers. May the Almighty grant that the hour may soon come when we shall have our revenge for the violence committed against us and the wrongs we have so unjustly suffered."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We this week publish a variety of Engravings illustrative of the war in Schleswig-Holstein. Some of these are from sketches by our Special Artist, and depict scenes witnessed by him and our other Artists in the course of the campaign, from its commencement after the passage of the Eider by the German troops. Prussian regiments, both cavalry and infantry, still continue to arrive in Schleswig. On the 11th and 12th inst. four battalions of Posen and Brandenburg infantry passed through Hamburg; and other divisions of troops are constantly seen at Rendsburg and various other points, as shown in the Engravings. It will not be necessary to describe these Engravings in detail, as they all tell their story with sufficient distinctness, and incidents similar to some of those depicted are mentioned in the account given above of the road between Schleswig and Flensburg. It is only necessary to mention, in reference to the sketch of the Austrians changing brigade, that there are three lines, and that each takes duty in turn. Each brigade consists of between 6000 and 7000 men.

THE SLUICE-BRIDGE AT RENDSBURG.

Rendsburg is built on two islands of the Eider. The old town stands on the larger and most southerly island; on the smaller one, which is separated from the other by the narrow canal of the Mühlenau, once stood the castle of Gerhard the Great. The new town, or, as it is called, the New Work, is on the southern bank of the southern branch of the Eider, and extends as far as the River Wehrau.

The Sluice-bridge spans the northern branch of the Eider, which is here extremely narrow, though sufficiently deep to float tolerably large vessels. The bridge is of wood, and so constructed that it may be opened in the middle, as if by a door. Adjacent to the bridge are situated the so-called Rendsburg Farmlands, which, like the six villages so frequently adverted to, were, in the year 1854, annexed to Schleswig, though they had previously belonged to Holstein.

FLENSBURG.

This town, the most populous in the duchy of Schleswig, stands on the margin of one of the many little bays which flow into the

shores of the Baltic. Following the semicircular line of the bay, the town takes the form of a horseshoe. On the north-west are seen the grey ruins of the Duburg, whilst on the opposite side the landscape is bounded by a range of verdant hills. The harbour of Flensburg is considered to be the best in Schleswig-Holstein, affording a safe winter anchorage even for ships of the line. On the average, 1900 ships annually run into the harbour of Flensburg, representing about 30,000 tons of commercial burden. Nevertheless, the trade of the town is not what it used to be; that is to say, what it was during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present. The Transatlantic marine trade, formerly so active, is now wholly at an end. The separation of Norway from Denmark has had an unfavourable influence on the commercial and shipping interests of Flensburg. Still it is a busy and prosperous town, and its 16,000 inhabitants are better off than the people of many inland Danish towns of the same magnitude.

The houses in Flensburg are built in the same style as those in Kiel, except that in the former town one more frequently sees houses of two and three stories above the ground floor, and many have elegant new façades. From the Nordertor to the Johannisthor the extent of the town is not more than a mile, and, inclusive of the suburb of St. Jürgen, its length may be about a mile and a half. Flensburg is divided into two great districts, called parishes. The northern district is the parish of St. Mary, and the southern district is the parish of St. John and St. Nicholas. Like most towns in Schleswig-Holstein, Flensburg consists of one principal street, from which a number of smaller streets branch out to the right and left.

The arms of Flensburg are a red tower on a gold field, two gold lions springing from the tower, and the Holstein nettle-leaf. The Rathaus is an old and somewhat dilapidated building. Behind it stands the old Court of Justice, now converted into a theatre. Flensburg contains four churches; of these the Church of St. Nicholas is the handsomest, and the chancel is adorned with some of the finest works of the eminent sculptor, Blasius Eckenberger. The Church of St. Mary is a stately structure, marred only by its ugly tower. The most noticeable among the public buildings is the House of Representatives, in which the Schleswig deputies have met since the year 1854. A cemetery situated on a height north-west of the town is a point of interest, as it contains the graves of many of the German and Danish heroes who fell in the battles of Bau and Idstedt. The tombs of the Danes are well kept, and have laudatory inscriptions; but those of the Germans have been broken and defaced by sacrilegious hands.

For some time after the Schleswig-Holstein revolution, Flensburg was the seat of government for the duchy of Schleswig; but during





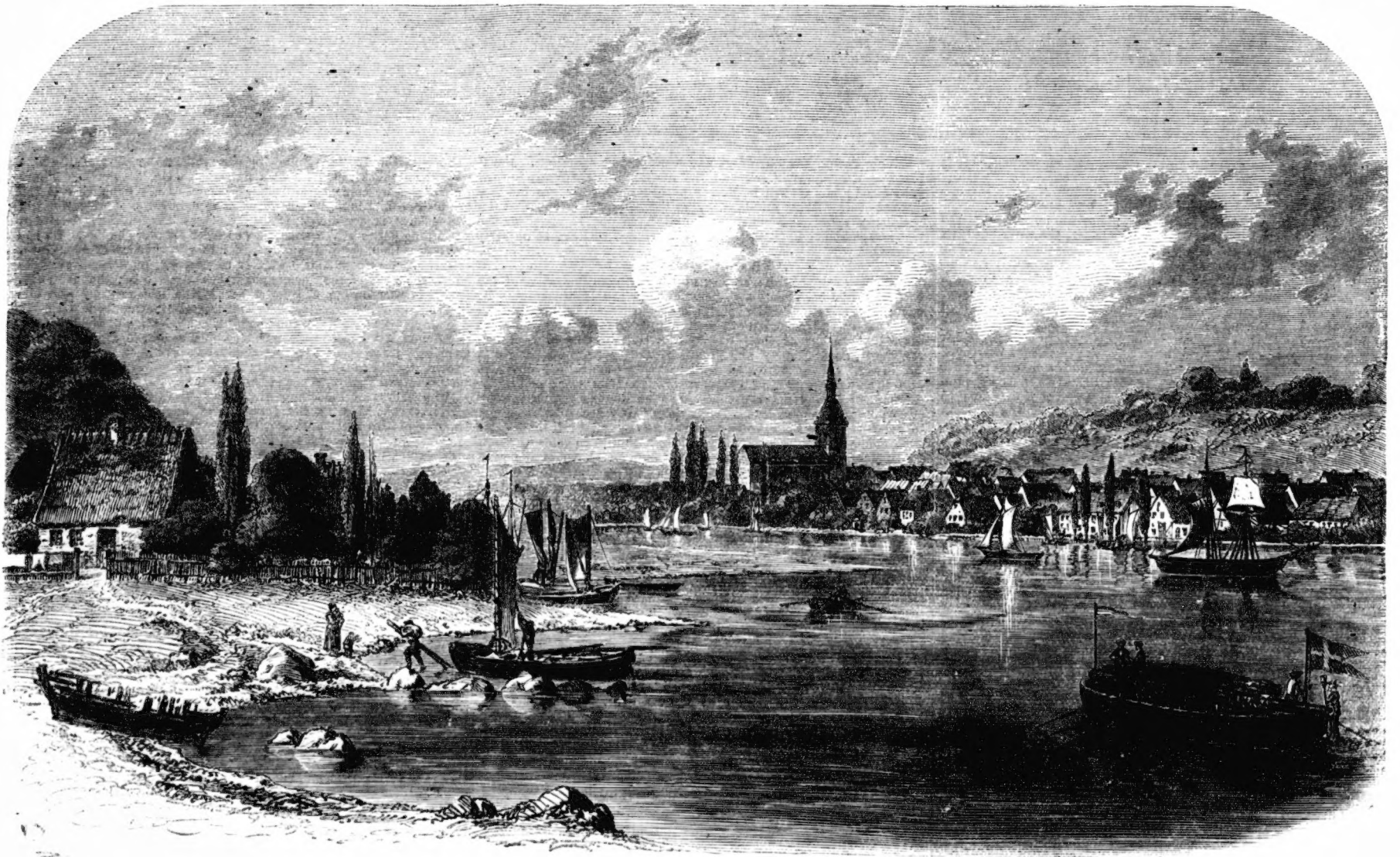
THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—AUSTRIAN TROOPS PASSING THROUGH FLENSBURG.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

the last few years the sittings of the Government have been held in Copenhagen. The Court of Appeal for the duchy is, however, still held in Flensburg, and the Chief Inspector of Customs and the Postmaster also reside in the town. These officers, with their secretaries and assistants, are, for the most part, either native Danes or Schleswigers having Danish prepossessions. As they constitute the higher class of society, and as the trading portion of the community is likewise favourable to Denmark, it may be supposed that Flensburg has not had during recent years the character of being a very Germanised town.

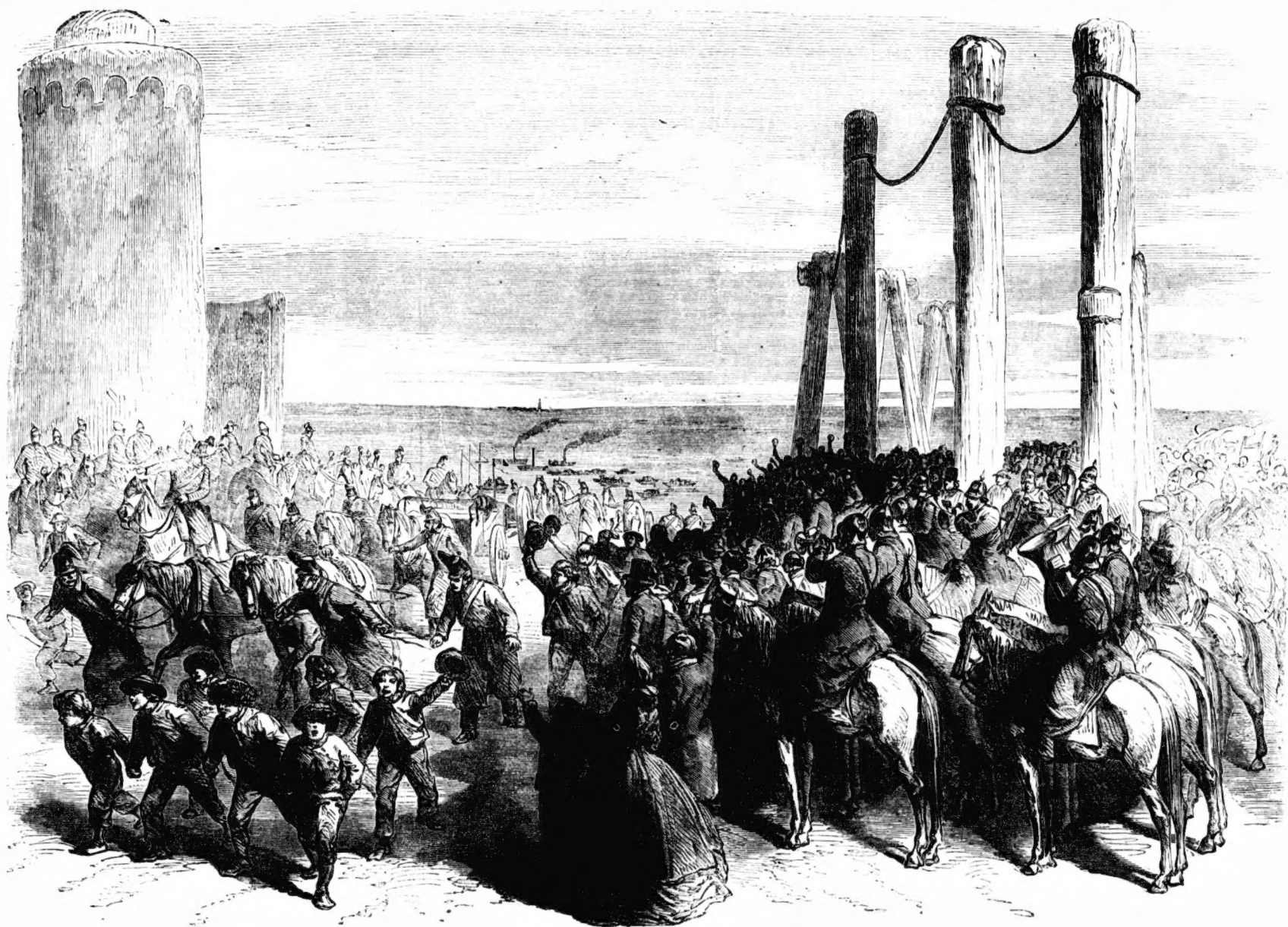
The Danish language is spoken in Flensburg only in the very lower ranks. The majority (or, say nine tenths) of the population speak High or Low German. In schools, the Danish language is taught merely as an educational acquirement.

Flensburg is at present overflowing with visitors, military and civil. Beds and apartments are no longer to be had at any price either in the most ordinary inns or private houses. The price of provisions appears to have been doubled; conveyances and horses are at a fearful premium. The streets are full of life and bustle; military bands are constantly marching past playing spirited airs; long lines of cavalry and infantry are continually passing hither and thither. Every open square is filled with field-guns or baggage and ammunition-waggons. The horses belonging to the allied troops are packed, as densely as herrings in a barrel, in the stables and stable-yards belonging to the innkeepers. The one street of the town has been filled day after day with a long, straggling procession of baggage-waggons, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and provender-trains, rushing on to the front. The

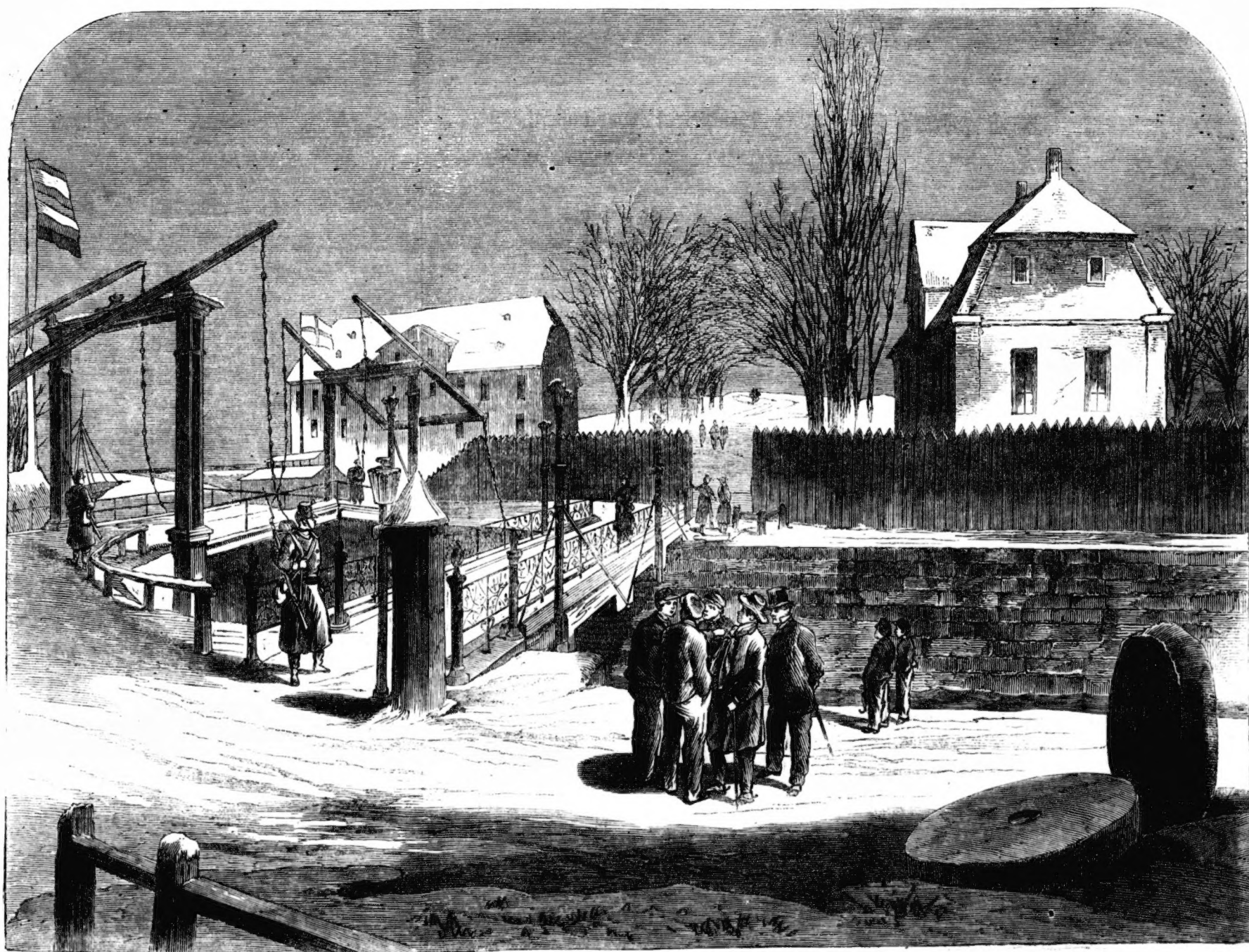
hard snow has been beaten into a soft powder by the passage of so many thousand wheels; and the footpaths themselves have been taken up by return carriages, which have been endeavouring hopelessly to make head against the never-ending current. There are soldiers everywhere; every other house has a sentry placed before it, every tavern is crowded with troops. Passing along the streets, German, Magyar, Italian, Servian, and every language of central Europe can be heard in turns. All the uniforms in the world appear to be gathered into this little town. The music of the grand Austrian bands comes clashing from time to time upon the ear. Then there is the heavy rumble of artillery, as the cannon flounder onwards through the broken snowdrift; and then there comes the short, sharp step of the Austrian Jägers, as they trot briskly forwards. Altogether, the town presents a most stirring and animated aspect.



VIEW OF FLENSBURG.



ARRIVAL OF RESERVE TROOPS AT HAMBURG.—SEE PAGE 115.



THE SLUICE BRIDGE AT RENDSBURG.—SEE PAGE 115.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 224.

KAGOSIMA.

AFTER the opening day of Parliament the House of Commons generally falls into a quiet, dreamy, idle state for a few days, meeting at the usual hour and rising about six or seven o'clock. But this year we started into life and energy, and went to work at once; and there is every appearance of a lively if not a very effective Session ahead. Mr. Charles Buxton had the honour of introducing the first contested motion and of setting the division bells ringing for the first time. It would appear, however, that Mr. Buxton had no wish to set these bells ringing. All he seems to have desired was an opportunity to make a demonstration and then to retire from the field. Nor would there have been a division at all if Mr. Buxton could have had his way. Satisfied with Lord Palmerston's explanation, Mr. Buxton would have withdrawn his motion, and the famous Kagosima business, which has been so much talked about, and at one time seemed portentous of damage if not of ruin to the Government, would have ended in smoke. But Lord Robert Cecil and a few of the lively spirits who cluster round his Lordship below the gangway would not have it so, and when Mr. Speaker put the question that the motion be withdrawn, they shouted out "No!" so loudly that Mr. Speaker was obliged to say "the noes have it." And here we may tell our readers that, when once a motion is made it becomes the property of the House, and cannot be withdrawn without the consent of the House. Generally, the House is glad to allow motions to be withdrawn; but on this occasion, at the instigation of Lord Robert and his friends, it refused. But the House did not, after all, divide upon Mr. Buxton's motion; for when it had refused to allow Mr. Buxton to withdraw his motion, Lord Palmerston, like the clever tactician which he is, dexterously moved "the previous question"—that is to say, moved that Mr. Buxton's motion be not put, and it was upon this motion that the House divided.

PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"A motion has been made," said the Speaker, "that this House, while only imputing to Admiral Kuper a misconception of the duty imposed upon him, deeply regrets the burning of Kagosima, as being contrary to those usages of war which prevail among civilised nations, and to which it is the policy and duty of civilised nations to adhere. Since when the previous question has been moved. The question which I have to put is that the question be now put." And upon this the House divided, and the "noes" beat the "ayes" by 161 to 85. Of course, after this, the business was over. I may, however, as well say here that Mr. Buxton's motion might have been brought on again on another day, as the House had only decided that the motion "be not now put." If the House had decided in the affirmative, Mr. Speaker would have proceeded to put the main question at once; for the House having decided that the question now be put, no further debate or amendment could be allowed. To strangers "the previous question" is puzzling at first sight; but after a little reflection they will find it simple enough. It is a convenient plan for avoiding giving an opinion. It has often proved a capital loophole for harassed Ministers, and very acceptable to timid, hesitating, undecided, wavering minds. "I cannot vote with you; my people will call me to account if I do," we have often heard a member who usually supports the Government say to the Treasury whip, "and I do not like to vote against you; why not put the 'previous question,' and let us escape that way." "But," it may be asked, "would not a man's constituents be as likely to call a member to account for avoiding the question as they would be if he had voted wrongly upon it?" To which we answer, "Very few of said constituents would understand the business; and to the few sharp fellows who did the member, when catechised, might say, 'Well, my dear fellows, you see if we had gone to a division on the main question, we should have been in such a miserable minority that I thought it better to avoid it altogether; but, if the main question had been put, I should certainly have voted against the Government;' and so we wrap it up. We have said that this previous question is very convenient to timid, wavering minds—we may add, and also to traitors.

NO FIGHT.

There was a strong gathering of strangers on the Kagosima night, but of members the gathering was not so strong. Indeed, it was clear from the beginning that Mr. Buxton did not mean fighting. Had he boldly thrown down the gauntlet and challenged the Government to a real stand-up fight—*un combat à l'outrance*—we should have had a very different scene to that which presented itself. Every member who usually supports Government would have been at his post. The whips, instead of lounging about, evidently careless because confident of the result, would have been active and energetic; and, instead of some 250 members, we should have had at least 500 present as the division approached. Was it a regular "cross," then? Well, one would hardly like to say this; but certainly everybody understood from the first that there was to be no serious fight. And very early in the evening it was well known that Mr. Buxton would not press a division. Perhaps, however, it was the consciousness that he had no chance of a victory that led him to decline a battle; and perhaps it was the knowledge that a majority of the Conservatives would either decline to vote or go with the Government that made the Treasury whips so careless and confident. We cannot tell how this was. Such matters are secret mysteries not revealed to outsiders. We may, however, note here that neither did the Opposition whips ply their thongs. On the contrary, they let their men do just as they pleased. This, however, is no uncommon occurrence now. So disorganised are the Conservatives that there are very few subjects on which it is possible to unite them. Every year they add to their numbers, but every year they seem to be really weaker, thus justifying Palmerston's saying, "My opponents get the seats, but I get the votes."

MR. BUXTON.

And now a word or two upon the honourable gentleman who brought this question before the House. Was he the right man in the right place? Doubtful. Mr. Buxton is unquestionably a clever man. He can write well and speak well. He can get up a case satisfactorily enough—few men better—and he can make his case clear to his hearers through the medium of an easy, flowing, and graceful style. His facts are arranged in admirable order; his reasoning is on all occasions clear and cogent; and his language is as flowing, and smooth, and pellucid as a summer stream. What, then, does he lack to qualify him to bring before the House such a subject as this? We answer, graphic skill, force, energy, passion; in short, some of the higher qualities of the true orator. Mr. Buxton described the burning of Kagosima; but, somehow, we did not see it. It was still a long way off. He convinced our judgment, but he did not rouse our feelings. He made us see that injustice had been done, but we were not roused to anger. "This gentleman," said a member in our hearing, "has not devil enough in him for a business like this; by which he meant that he is too amiable, too placid, and is incapable of anger. But, with all that respect, anger is not always demoniacal, but frequently divine, coming from above and not from below. We at times do well to be angry, and do well to excite the wrath of others. Injustice should always move us to anger. The House listened to Mr. Buxton with placid, languid assent; but, if it did not condemn, neither did it applaud. In short, it was not moved; and yet, if ever there was an incident brought before the House calculated to move it to the depths, it was the incident of the burning of Kagosima—a vast city destroyed in a few hours. One hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children—feeble old men and women, decrepit with age or weakened by disease—many of them—and thousands of infants in arms; a vast, immeasurable crowd of human beings, utterly disorganised and helpless, flying before the ruthless flames, which everywhere—front, and rear, and all around—pursued and homed them in like a destroying angel. What a picture was here ready to hand, if the orator could but have seized it and presented it to the House! Burke and Sheridan had nothing more horrible than this to describe in their speeches on the impeachment of Warren

Hastings. Nor did that great Indian criminal ever, to our mind, perpetrate a grosser outrage upon justice than was here perpetrated. But, horrible as all this was, if you had stepped into the House of Commons whilst Mr. Buxton was on his legs you would have imagined that we were considering some parish road matter or the Malt for Cattle Bill of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, rather than this great crime. But perhaps, after all, the fault was not entirely on Mr. Buxton. Something of this coldness and indifference must be laid to the charge of the House. Perhaps even the great orators alluded to above, if they could come back again, would find their power gone; for we have got, of late years, into a very hard and immovable condition in the House of Commons. Nothing stirs us. Indignation at wrong is decidedly vulgar. Passionate denunciation of injustice only excites a sneering laugh. We have even tamed down the English language until it has lost almost all its old native force. All the excitement we can hope for is an explosion of temper among the "outs" because they are so long kept from office, and sharp retorts from the "ins" when their comfortable positions are assailed. On all great subjects we have arrived at the "centre of indifference."

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

From the serious to the ludicrous is but a step. That subject of Kagosima was really a serious business; but before the discussion closed—even whilst Lord Palmerston was speaking—there happened an incident not a little ludicrous. His Lordship, as we have said, was on his legs, tempering down the effects of the too ardent oratory of the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and generally winding up the discussion as his manner is, when suddenly there came from somewhere beneath him a very singular noise—a knocking, apparently as if some one were in the vaults below driving piles or splitting wood. But who could it be? What audacious official would dare to drive piles, or split wood, or do anything else thus to disturb so august an assembly? The Speaker started, the clerks looked round, the Sergeant-at-Arms called to the messenger at the bar, the members began to whisper and look hither and thither; but still the noise went on. Thump—thump—thump; so loud that even the ladies behind their screen were startled, and the noise seemed to be movable. Now it appeared to be directly under the Speaker's chair. Anon it seemed to come from the roof. Then, again, we fancied it must be under the bar. At length there got to be such a buzzing in the house that the noble Premier was hardly heard. Indeed, we are not sure that the interruption did not cut his Lordship's speech prematurely short. But still the unearthly subterranean noise went on—thump, thump, thump—as regularly as the beat of a steam engine, which, to end our reader's suspense, it was—or something like it. The case was this: Down in the vaults below—between which and the house there is only a carpeted perforated iron floor—there is a huge boiler for the generation of steam, wherewith the house is warmed. Into a pipe connected with this boiler some water had found its way, and so got lodged at a "return," or bend of the pipe; and, as the steam could not pass through the pipe, it amused itself by banging up against this "return" of the pipe—acting in this manner according to its nature and in compliance with well-known laws. Unfortunately, the commander-in-chief of the forces employed in warming and ventilating the house was not on the spot at the time, and the subalterns seemed to have got perplexed, and, instead of turning off the steam at once, stood looking on bewildered, and hoping that the noise would soon cease of itself. Soon, however, the chief arrived, and promptly turned the cock, and the noise was stopped.

A NEW IRISH SPEAKER.

One of the new members has spoken—to wit, Sir Colman Michael O'Lozhin, Q.C., member for the county of Clare in the room of Mr. Calcutt, deceased. Sir Michael first gave tongue on Sir George Grey's Insanity Bill on Monday last, and, of course, made an eloquent speech, for Sir Michael is an Irishman, and all Irishmen are eloquent, letting alone Irish lawyers, who, as a rule, can talk without let or hindrance, baulk or break, for any length of time, and at all times, and on all occasions, and on all subjects. Sir Michael seemed to us to talk very sensibly; but would that he would talk more slowly.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords sat only for a few minutes, and no business of public interest was transacted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

In reply to Mr. Peacocke, Lord PALMERSTON reiterated his statement that no guarantee had been given to Austria and Prussia in regard to the demands of those Powers upon Denmark, but said it was thought that a protocol, by which Denmark would give a diplomatic engagement to Prussia and Austria, would be more binding than a mere promise. The noble Premier also, in reply to Lord R. Cecil, said that the Government, in concert with France, Russia, and Sweden, and with the concurrence of Austria, had proposed an armistice to Prussia on the basis of the evacuation of Schleswig, barring the island of Alsén, by the Danes.

CONDUCT OF FEDERAL CRUISERS IN BRITISH WATERS.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD called attention to the cases of certain vessels which had been attacked or seized by Federal cruisers. Taking first the case of the Margaret and Jessie, he contended that she had been fired into in British waters by a Federal ship of war. He wished for the correspondence with the Governor of the Bahama Islands and with the Government of the United States on this subject. He next alluded to the case of the Springbok, seized on her voyage to Nassau. He argued that her seizure was illegal, and her condemnation by a prize court contrary to international law. He also spoke of the British ship Science at Matamoros, and expressed an opinion that there was no justification for the seizure. Finally, he spoke of the seizure of the Saxon at Angra Pequenas, the mate of which, Mr. Gray, was shot by an officer of the Vanderbilt, Federal cruiser, and said it was impossible to think of the murder of an unoffending British subject on board of her without indignation. He wanted to know what had been done in this case, and moved for papers.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, as to the Margaret and Jessie, the Government had made representations to the United States, and the Government of those States had shown no insensibility of their duty. With regard to the Springbok, her case was still before the courts in America; and he must say of those courts that there was not a single decision which had been pronounced in them during the war which did not present an honest intention to adhere to the law. He believed this case was no exception to the rule. As to the Science, he believed the United States Government would take a just course. With respect to the Saxon, he very much regretted what had occurred. Explanations had been demanded of the United States. He did not believe the vessel had been captured within British jurisdiction, and thought it would be better to wait for the decision of the prize court in her case before taking action.

Lord R. CEIL thought the explanation would be unsatisfactory to the mercantile community. He contended that the Government had been weak in its remonstrances with the United States Government. He wanted to see some of that energy which was shown at Kagosima applied to the murder on board the Saxon. The character of the country was falling through the ferocious conduct of the Government to the weak and their humiliating conduct to the strong.

Colonel SYKES expressed his opinion that Earl Russell had acted exactly as he ought in the case of the Saxon.

After some words from Sir J. Elphinstone and Mr. C. Bentinck in opposition to the Government,

Mr. CRAWFORD denied the right of Lord R. Cecil to speak for the mercantile community. That community had no confidence in the noble Lord. Speaking, if not for the merchants of England, at least for those of London, Mr. Crawford believed they indorsed the policy of the Government as to the United States.

Lord J. MANNERS asked where now was the *civis Romanus* of whom Lord Palmerston used to talk so loudly? He believed the policy of the Government was weak.

Lord PALMERSTON spoke of the charge of bullying the weak and truckling to the strong as a cuckoo cry, the truth of which he denied. He said the Government of the United States had always done justice in the cases which had been brought under their notice.

After some further discussion the motion for papers was withdrawn.

POLAND.

Mr. HENNESSY said that a despatch sent to Lord Napier at St. Petersburg, in September, in reference to Poland, had had a passage struck out of it. The despatch, as first sent, contained a passage to the effect that, by her acts, Russia had set aside the Treaty of Vienna, and could only be said to hold Poland by right of conquest. On the representation of Prince Gortschakoff

and other diplomatists the despatch with that passage was not presented. The passage was struck out, and he asked that the despatch as at first written should be given to the House.

Lord PALMERSTON declined to give anything but that which was the definite act of the Government. He thought that to declare that Poland was merely held by right of conquest would be a very bad thing for the Poles, for it would entirely free Russia from her obligations under the Treaty of Vienna.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER thought the House ought to be informed why the despatch was recalled. After some further discussion the matter dropped.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE BIRKENHEAD STEAM-RAMS.

Earl RUSSELL entered into some explanations to show that the stoppage of the steam-rams was not the result of pressure by the United States Government. He vindicated his own conduct, and said he could find very little indication of threats in the despatches from Washington; but the little of menace they did contain had been at once repelled, as the noble Earl showed by extracts from the correspondence between himself and Mr. Adams. The Earl of DERBY said whatever misunderstanding had arisen was caused by the Government keeping back the correspondence.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Lord CAMPBELL called attention to the Danes' German quarrel. He contended that by the Treaties of 1715, 1720, and 1726 England guaranteed to Denmark the possession of Schleswig. The binding nature of that treaty had been acknowledged in 1848, and he urged that we were in honour bound to maintain it.

Earl RUSSELL did not think that a fitting time to enter on a discussion of the treaty, though it was not lost sight of by the Government. It was most desirable to put an end to the questions in dispute by pacific means, and not to resort to anything in the nature of a threat. He declined to give a positive opinion as to the treaty at that moment.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE PROPOSED ARMISTICE.

In reply to Mr. Disraeli, Mr. LAYARD said that an answer had been received to the proposal for an armistice in Schleswig. It was not of a satisfactory nature, and he did not believe an armistice was likely to be agreed to.

INSANE PRISONERS BILL.

A lengthened discussion took place on the motion for the second reading of this bill, several suggestions for amendments in which were made. Sir G. Grey said he should be ready to consider these suggestions in Committee, and the bill was read a second time.

MALT FOR CATTLE BILL.

On the motion for the second reading of the Malt for Cattle Bill a smart discussion took place. The bill was read a second time.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

CLAIMS OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS.

The Earl of CARNARVON moved for correspondence relating to claims made by British subjects on the United States' Government; to claims made by the United States' Government for damages for the injuries inflicted by the Alabama and her sister vessels; and to other matters connected with America. In the course of his speech in moving for the papers he condemned the conduct of the Government, and made special allusion to the recapture of the Tuscaloosa. He wanted to know if the Government had always resisted the claims that were made on account of the injuries done by the Alabama.

Earl RUSSELL opposed the production of the papers and vindicated the conduct of the Government. The Tuscaloosa had been recaptured, on the advice of the law officers of the Crown. The claims for damages done by the Alabama had always been resisted; but he thought it was a scandal and a reproach to us that a vessel like the Alabama should have been fitted out in this country. If the law were not sufficient at present to prevent such a transaction, he thought it should be altered as soon as possible.

Lord CARNARVON expressed his satisfaction at the explanation, but urged that the papers as to the Saxon and the Tuscaloosa should be given, to which Earl Russell was understood to accede.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PRIVATE BUSINESS.

The greater part of the sitting was occupied with private bill business and with discussing a series of resolutions proposed by Mr. Gibson for regulating the proceedings of Committees on railway and canal bills.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. Adair, on behalf of Mr. Fortescue, gave notice of a motion on the Crawley court-martial for the 15th of March. Mr. Sheridan promised to introduce on the same day a bill to abolish fire insurance duty. Colonel Sykes postponed his motion on the sack of Soccho to the 4th of March. Mr. Baines postponed his motion as to the borough franchise to the 15th of March; and Mr. Liddell postponed his motion on China affairs to the 1st of March.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House was principally occupied in considering a bill, brought forward by Mr. Laird, for testing anchors and cables by the merchant standard, and to make manufacturers responsible for the articles they sold; and a bill, introduced by Mr. Bernard, for the substitution of union for parochial rating. A good deal of discussion took place on both measures. The former passed the second reading; the latter was withdrawn.

A new writ was ordered for the election of a member for the county of Dorset, in the room of Mr. Ker Seymour, resigned.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MUSEUM FOR PATENTS.

In reply to the Earl of Powis, Earl GRANVILLE said the present accommodation for the library and models of patents was very inadequate. The subject was under the consideration of Government.

CLERKS OF THE PEACE.

In answer to Lord Romney, the LORD CHANCELLOR promised to take into consideration the state of the law as to the removal of clerks of the peace from their offices, with a view to its amendment.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HIGHWAY ACTS.

In answer to a question, Sir G. GREY said he had received several suggestions for amendment of the Highway Act, but it would not be possible to introduce a bill on the subject this Session.

AMERICA.

In answer to Mr. H. Baillie, who asked a question as to the capture of the ship Science at Matamoros, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said if such a capture had been made it was in direct violation of the instructions issued by the American Government on the subject.

BRAZIL.

In reply to Mr. Hunt, Mr. LAYARD said the offices of Portugal had been offered with the view of healing the breach between us and the empire of Brazil; but he did not know whether they would be accepted or not.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

Sir G. GREY obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the Penal Servitude Acts.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

EVEN Chancellors of the Exchequer, in common with journalists, pantomimists, and rhetorical preachers, make some account of pleasing the public. Mr. Gladstone, having apparently cast about for some means of popularity by rendering the tax-collector's visits less obnoxious, has at length hit upon the grand idea of abolishing him altogether. Only the collector, of course, not the taxes. In fact, Mr. Gladstone's notion is to cast the tax-gatherer's work upon the public itself: not only to make John Bull pay his duties, but take them to the

office where payment is to be made, instead of having to hand them over when the collector knocks at his door.

We are not altogether disposed to cavil at Mr. Gladstone's scheme, except that, as we may presently show, it is defective in not going far enough. The present tax-collector is almost an unmitigated nuisance. He suits his own time for his calls, utterly regardless of the periods at which the master of the house is likely to be found at home. To the poor he is almost invariably a tyrant and a bully. He annoys the busy and the prosperous by calling at times when either they are engaged or absent, and his ultimatum usually fixes some brief period, during one particular day in the week, when he is to be found at some certain place ordinarily out of everybody's way. He has commonly some avocation of his own (not unfrequently speculative, such as usury bill-discounting or proprietorship of small tenements) which induces him to devote the smallest practicable portion of his time to tax-collecting. To suit his own convenience, he will disregard even express statutory directions, when he can do so with impunity. Thus, the income tax, for instance, is directed to be assessed and collected half yearly. All the collectors with whom we have had to do apply for it yearly, thus rendering a heavy impost unnecessarily oppressive. And this the collectors do simply to save themselves trouble.

Sometimes the collector meets with sad mishaps. The parties whose little bills he has discounted—of course, out of his own and not the national funds—go through the Bankruptcy Court, or vanish; the leases of the tenements expire, or repairs come heavy, or the buildings tumble from decay; the blackleg whom he has intrusted to make a "safe pot" for the Derby deceives his friend; or it occurs to the latter that he has rather more right than the Government to the taxes, since he has been at the trouble of gathering them and the Government has not. Then the noble collector absconds or is taken into custody, while the taxpayers of his district are enabled to commemorate the fact by having to pay their dues a second time.

Mr. Gladstone's proposal is to place the collection in the hands of the Inland Revenue and in the department of the Excise. The notices which at present the collectors deliver are to be sent by post, and payment is to be made at the Excise Office. So far, this is well enough. But, as we have already intimated, it is insufficient. Despite all the inconveniences upon which Mr. Gladstone has reflected, and those to which we have adverted in addition, it can scarcely be doubted that the personal application of the collector is a convenience to many, especially to those prudent persons who leave a "petty cash" balance with their housekeepers, and upon the first notice of the amount of a tax authorise its payment upon the next call. To obviate the inconvenience to the taxpayer of being compelled to travel to a distant market-town to pay, or to have to intrust the sum to an acquaintance or a messenger, we beg to offer a simple practical suggestion. It is that post-office orders, stated to be in discharge of taxes and made payable to the proper district Government officers, should be issued and forwarded postage-free. This system would not only afford a convenience to the payers, but it would give Government an additional check in many instances upon the receivers of the taxes, as every order so issued would be entered in the post-office keeper's books. Printed envelopes, marked "On Her Majesty's Service—Money-order for Taxes," and directed to the district collector, might be kept at the post-offices; and the office-keeper, after delivering a ticket to the payer, would only have to inclose the order and forward it by the next delivery.

Such is a plan which appears to us perfectly easy to be carried out, and one which, while it would include the abolition of all the annoyance which Mr. Gladstone proposes to save the taxpayer, would also save him certain other inconveniences, against which the present scheme does not appear to have provided.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES are passing a few days at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has given birth to a daughter.

FOR THE FUTURE, gentlemen will only be admitted to one Levée and ladies to one Drawingroom during the year.

LADY ELGIN has arrived in London with her two children. Her Ladyship reached Dover on Monday in the Admiralty yacht Vivid, which had been dispatched to Marseilles to receive her.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has sent to the laboratory of Cambridge University, Massachusetts, a copy of the photographs of the Samaritan Pentateuch taken during the visit of his Royal Highness to Nablous.

A GREAT FIRE has taken place at Chambery, Nice. The theatre and Townhall are entirely destroyed. No lives have been lost.

MR. JUSTICE FITZGERALD and THE HON. MR. PRESTON have been appointed Commissioners of National Education, in the room of Mr. Murphy (resigned) and the late Dean Meyer.

THE BULLION imported into Bombay during 1863 amounted to fifteen crores of rupees in value.

THE INCOME OF MISS BATEMAN, the actress, it is estimated, is at present not less than £30,000 a year.

AN ICE MACHINE has been erected in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's dockyard at Bombay, which can make three tons of ice daily.

THE DANISH FRIGATE NEIL-JUL has been off Plymouth for some days past, and has captured at least one Prussian vessel. An encounter between the Dane and a Prussian frigate, which is believed to be off Brest, is considered probable.

THE PALATA GUM OF BRITISH GUIANA, it is believed, will prove a substitute for gutta-percha.

HANSON CABS have been introduced into the Island of Trinidad, in the West Indies.

THE GREAT EASTERN was sold at Liverpool on Wednesday to the Great Eastern Steam Company (Limited), which has just been formed to again attempt to work the ship profitably.

THE MAORI WOMEN, it seems, are better shots than the men, and load with great rapidity.

MR. BISHOP, who was condemned to the galleys at Naples for conspiracy in favour of Francis II., has arrived in Rome, together with his companion in misfortune, Count Christen.

A FINE STRONG AND LIVELY SALMON, between 2 ft. and 3 ft. in length, is now in one of the ponds at Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, having been brought there through the perseverance of Dr. Buckland.

SIR BALDWIN WALKER, the Admiral in command on the Cape station, has seized the Confederate cruiser Tuscaloosa (formerly a Federal merchantman, and which had been captured and fitted out as a cruiser by Captain Semmes), with the view of restoring the ship to her former owners.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS has postponed his intended visit to Queen Victoria until the period fixed for the christening of the Prince of Wales's son.

THE DISTRESSED OPERATIVES OF ROCHDALE AND BLACKBURN are now supplied with cast-off infantry greatcoats, which can be purchased at 2s. 6d. a piece.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF STROMNESS have decided by a majority that "promiscuous dancing" shall not be allowed within the Townhall.

THE BISHOP OF ALGIERS has published a pastoral letter against spiritualism, which, that prelate says, finds more believers in its doctrines and practices among ultra-catholics than among these of liberal opinions in religious matters.

A VALUABLE STRATUM OF IRONSTONE has been discovered on the Sandringham estate, the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

A BERLIN TELEGRAM says that the Danish ships of war have received orders to capture shipping belonging to all the States of the German Confederation.

THE PARIS *Pays* describes the British Government as the "Pontius Pilate" of politics, having now no other part to play than to wash its hands, no matter what happens.

COUNT ROSSI, the husband of Mdle. Sontag, the celebrated singer, has just died in Belgium. He quitted the diplomatic service in 1856 to accompany his wife to America. Since his return he has lived in retirement at Brussels, occupying himself with the education of his children, two sons and two daughters.

AN AGED COUPLE WERE MARRIED at St. Paul's Church, Tiverton, a few days ago. The bridegroom, who wants but one year to complete the age of fourscore, assisted his tottering steps to the altar with a crutch and stick, while the bride, who is four years his junior, used a crutch only.

THE LATE JOHN FARNELL, ESQ., of Isleworth, has left the National Lifeboat Institution a legacy of £1000, free of duty.

A TELEGRAM FROM BOMBAY states that the Alabama was off the west coast of India, and that she had burnt the ship Emma, of New York.

MR. SINCLAIR, the engineer of the Great Eastern Railway, has expressed his intention of complying with the desires of the Archaeological Institute, by diverting the line which menaced with serious injury the Roman grave-mounds at Bartlow.

THE FRENCH WEST INDIA MAIL-PACKET COMPANY have established branch steamers between St. Nazaire and Spanish ports, as far south as Seville, which will prove a great convenience to the Spanish Main, Cuba, and other Spanish parts of the West Indies and American coast.

MAZZINI is to be put upon his trial in Paris on a charge of complicity in the alleged plot against the Emperor's life. Of course this is a mere legal formality and farce, as the accused party will not be present to make any defence.

HIGH GALES have been prevalent in all parts of England and Scotland during the last few days, and shipping disasters are reported from every part of the coast. The storm appears to have raged with the greatest violence on Saturday in the north of England and in Scotland.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MORAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCES elected, on Saturday, as corresponding member, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, of London, on the vacancy caused by the death of Archbishop Whately, of Dublin. The Italian Cabinet Minister Minghetti was also elected.

THE STUDENTS now in the Queen's College, Cork, are—Roman Catholics 110; Established Church, 100; Presbyterians, 12; Wesleyans, 12—the total number being 245. These figures show that since last year the Roman Catholic students have increased from 40·2 per cent to 44·9 per cent.

HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851 have decided on completing at once the interior of the upper arcades in the Horticultural Gardens. They contemplate glazing the arcades, so as to make a large space available for the fruit and flower shows than is at present attainable in the conservatory.

MRS. TAYLOR, the widow of the man who was hanged at Liverpool some short time since for murdering his landlord, and whose children were also found murdered, has obtained another husband, in the person of a farm labourer at Wincanton. A great rabble assembled at the wedding, and the bride was hissed and hooted on coming out of church.

A BANQUET took place in Paris last week to celebrate the progress thus far of the Isthmus of Suez Canal project. About 1500 guests were present, the dinner being given in the Palais de l'Industrie. Prince Napoleon presided, and traced the history of the enterprise and eulogised its grandeur in a speech which was loudly applauded.

AT A RECENT BAL COSTUME given by Duke Morny, at Paris, Mdme. la Générale Tur appeared as Hungary enchained, with the national costume, her talpock, the Hungarian corsege, being ornamented with brandeburghs, and chains hanging from her headdress by her neck. In her hand she held a small flag, with the embroidered cross of Hungary, and, to render that symbolic language more striking, she distributed a quantity of pensées. Moreover, she hung on the arm of a Venetian.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

NEVER since the *Morning Star* first twinkled above the horizon was it so much in request at the clubs and in the lobbies of the House of Commons as it was on Tuesday last. The attraction was a certain clever jeu d'esprit, headed "The Panther and the Hippopotamus," a little fable respectfully dedicated, without permission, to Mr. Bentinck. By-the-way, it is Mr. George Pierrepont Bentinck, the stolid member for West Norfolk, and not George Cavendish Bentinck, the lively, mercurial representative for Taunton, who is alluded to and so happily hit off in these clever verses. Both these gentlemen are Conservatives, and both apt to blunder; thus, for example, Mr. Cavendish B. told the House the other night that the Judges of the United States went out of office with the Government, a curious blunder for a gentleman so eloquent as he is on competitive examination. But there is this difference between the two—Mr. G. C. blunders through haste, Mr. G. P. because he is—well, I won't say what, but refer the reader to the lines in the *Morning Star* for a reason. The *Star* made its appearance in the house soon after business began, and all the evening it was so in request in the reading-room that it was difficult to get a peep at its columns, and more than once the verses were read aloud both there and in the lobby to clustering members, who seemed to enjoy them amazingly. This witty satire was peculiarly well timed, for a few days ago Mr. Bentinck left the bench which he has occupied for several Sessions, and came down to the floor of the house and took a seat by the side of Lord Robert Cecil, evidently to lead the knot of Conservative malcontents who cluster in that region.

There is no acknowledged breach between Disraeli and the malcontents below the gangway—at least Disraeli does not recognise the schism. He must often have been sorely tempted to turn upon his tormentors; but he has never lost his temper and self-possession, but has, in the language of the verses, "passed in scorn the vulgar fellows." But this state of things cannot last long, and the appearance of this witty squib will perhaps precipitate an open quarrel. But let me warn your readers that this knot of waspish conspirators below the gangway is not Disraeli's principal difficulty. These, if he were so minded and were confident of the general support of his party, he could soon sweep out of his path, or, at all events, silence. No; his chief difficulty lies in another quarter, and consists rather in the cold indifference and silent disapprobation known to exist amongst certain high-minded country gentlemen, who, though they will never be brought to join the conspirators aforesaid, are yet every day silently drifting further and further from their leader. In the "Life of Lord George Bentinck" Disraeli describes Sir Robert Peel as looking with sorrow and mortification on the long line of country gentlemen, who once were so proud to follow him, as they passed away from him on the corn-law division and went into a different lobby. Well, the same cup has come round to Disraeli himself; he, too, feels himself deserted by these very men. and this is his sorrow.

With regard to the Brighton election there are one or two facts which I consider so honourable to the majority of the Liberals in Brighton that I am anxious to make them known. Mr. Fawcett had no paid agent, lawyer, or canvassers; and every penny of his legitimate and unavoidable expenses will be subscribed. This is as honourable to the Liberal electors of Brighton as it is gratifying to Mr. Fawcett. Dumas and Goldsmid had the usual paid officials about them. To me, the fact that Mr. Fawcett, without paid officials, polled 1468 votes is surprising. Mr. Goldsmid's conduct has been severely criticised and universally condemned at the clubs. He tells us in his parting address that he went to the poll because he had been urged to do so by his supporters, who believed that the promises he had received were more numerous than those of either of the other Liberal candidates. But, if this be true, his paid agents must have grossly deceived him, or managed their canvass in a most bungling manner. But paid agents are very apt to be sanguine. I remember hearing an old Parliamentary campaigner once say, "I am obliged to look sharp after my agent. My belief is, that if I get a bow from a voter he puts it

down as a promised plumper; if a polite refusal, he books it as half a vote; and if we are kicked out of the house, he jots the kicker down as doubtful."

But what are we to think of Mr. Dumas and his experienced agent, Mr. Acland? Did Mr. Acland assure Mr. Dumas that he had promises sufficient to justify his persisting in going to the poll? At Brighton it is asserted that it was resolved by both Dumas and Goldsmid that Mr. Fawcett, at all costs, was to be punished. Well, Fawcett has been punished; but three other parties have been punished still more—Mr. Dumas, to wit, and Mr. Goldsmid, and last, not least, the Liberal party at Brighton. Mr. Fawcett loses nothing but the seat, temporarily. Mr. Dumas and Mr. Goldsmid have lost money and reputation. The Liberal constituency have lost, temporarily, an able representative, and have the mortification of feeling that, solely by the treachery of false friends, who did not scruple to sacrifice to their egotism and vanity or their vengeful feelings the Liberal cause, Brighton is represented in Parliament by a Tory, although three fourths of the constituency are as much opposed to Toryism as light is to darkness.

The London Shakespeare Committee had a very quiet meeting on Monday last. His Grace of Manchester, having, I suppose, received ample assurances that everything would be peaceful and pleasant, returned to his accustomed position in the chair. The Right Hon. W. Cowper read the report of the Site and Monument Committee, recommending that the memorial should consist of a statue of Shakespeare under a covered building, open at the sides, which building was to be of the style of architecture prevalent at the Shakespearean period. This is a singular recommendation to emanate from such men as Professor Donaldson and Daniel Macleish, although one quite understands that it met with the approbation of Mr. Tite; for everybody knows that English architecture was never in a more degraded condition than it was during the Elizabethan and Stuart periods. No objection need be taken to the form of the memorial, but the site smacks a trifle of jobbery. Of course, an elegant monument on the high ground of the Green Park would not be an unpleasant object from Cambridge House—Chief Commissioners of Works are not proof against selfish influences. We all remember how, some years ago, during the Parliamentary recess, his Grace of Somerset, at that time Lord Seymour, and holder of the office in which the Right Hon. W. Cowper now rejoices, pulled down the marble arch in front of Buckingham Palace and erected it one fine morning in the neighbourhood of his own mansion. By-the-way, Mr. Cowper, in the speech which he made when submitting the report to the committee, took a purely red-tape governing-class sort of estimate of the poet whom it is proposed to honour on the forthcoming tercentenary of his birth. He was good enough to say of Shakespeare, that "perhaps, on the whole, he might be considered one of the greatest men the country had produced." This is not bad for a Chief Commissioner of Works.

The Shakespeare Committee have repented late, and too late, I fear, to regain public confidence. The meeting on Monday was very scantily attended; and there were whisperers abroad that this arose from further large secessions from the committee. These, however, are kept quite dark by the executive; nevertheless, it has oozed out that two distinguished British Museum officials, Sir Frederick Madden and Mr. W. Vaux, have sent in their resignations. Owing to the pigheaded obstinacy of the executive, the committee was rent in twain on the point as to whether or not it was desirable to go to the public for subscriptions until some intimation could be given of the form of monument proposed to be erected. It was persisted in by the council that an appeal to the public ought to be made, although no decision had been arrived at on this vital point, and the views of the council being confirmed in the committee by a narrow majority, the secession of numerous members took place. What does the council then do? Does it go to the public, as it was bound to? Why, no! Instead of this it allows another month to pass by, and then discovers that the proper plan is to announce the form of memorial first of all.

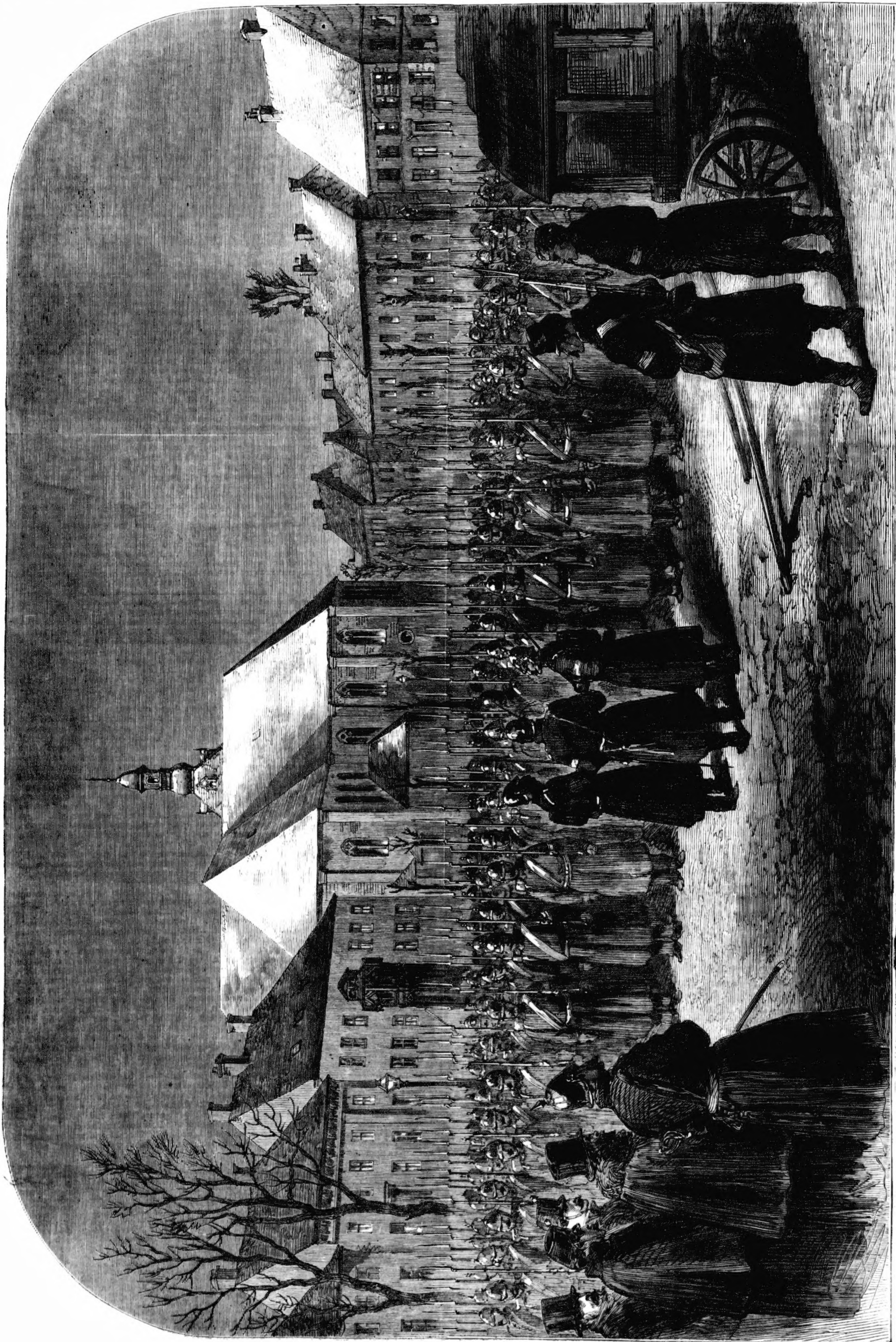
Of the two sites which have been commonly talked of there is no question but that the one in connection with the Thames Embankment and in the neighbourhood of the Temple is the best. Shakespeare had, at any rate, some connection with the locality. We all know the scene from his "Henry VI." laid in the Temple Gardens. Most of us know, too, that in the present hall of the Middle Temple his comedy of "Twelfth Night" was acted during his lifetime; that he was a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre, which stood hard by, and that he owned a house in Ireland-yard, Blackfriars. These circumstances, slight though they be, identify him in some measure with the spot; but how can anyone associate Shakespeare with the Green Park and Piccadilly? The obstacle, too, in regard to the embankment site which Mr. Cowper suggested—namely, that it would not be available for two or three years—is more imaginary than real. I am satisfied that it will be quite three years before the present Shakespeare Committee will succeed in raising the £30,000 which they say they require; and I am, moreover, satisfied that more than three years will elapse ere the first stone of any public memorial which is to be under the control of the Chief Commissioner of Works is likely to be laid. In proof of this, all I need do is to point to the still homeless base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar-square.

The Stratford Committee have decided upon having an exhibition of the various well-known portraits of Shakespeare, as well as those of eminent actors of his plays, in the Townhall at Stratford during the approaching festival. They are also enlarging the list of vice-presidents weekly, and adding new and important names to their Memorial Committee. Mr. Layard, I hear, has just joined the latter.

France has been said to be a despotism tempered by epigrams. At the bal costumé at the Tuileries last week the Marquis De Boissy, the nobleman celebrated for hating this country with a hatred known only to patriots and philanthropists, appeared in a shabby, old-fashioned dress that must have belonged to a De Boissy of the last century but one. All the guests tittered, and Prince Murat pointed the half lunatic old Lord out to the Emperor. His Imperial Mustachioedness walked up to him, and said, "My dear Marquis, your costume excites general astonishment." "Ah, Sire!" answered De Boissy, "que serait-ce si tout le monde portait comme moi l'habit de son grand-père?" The mot circulated, and the guests discontinued from criticism of De Boissy's dilapidated attire. *Noblesse (Impériale) oblige!*

In the House of Commons last week Sir William Fraser said a few words on the subject of accidents in theatres. He also congratulated the House on the rapid decline of those miserable prejudices that denied to the dramatic art the same social status as other arts. "Theatrical performers," said Sir William, "are among the best of our citizens." Is it not a matter of wonder that the good conduct and "citizenship" of actors and actresses should have been noticed in Parliament? What will Exeter Hall say?

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME AND NAPLES.—On the 8th inst. terminated the most lifeless—nay, melancholy—carnival that Rome has ever witnessed. Saturday forty-three carriages, Monday sixty-five, and Tuesday seventy-five, were all that entered the Corso, instead of the thousands that formerly blocked up this main artery and the adjoining streets, so as to render all progress impossible. Most of those who occupied them were foreigners; but the Neapolitans and Papal Zouaves were in great force, and these wore the Papal colours, yellow and white. Many shop fronts and windows that once were fitted up and decorated for the national Bacchanalia were this year closed, and those that were filled were occupied principally by English and other foreigners. Romans, as a people, took no part; they held quite aloof, with the exception of the lowest canaglia, who struggled in the muddy streets for the bonbons which, among their aim at the balconies, fell below. From Naples we have reports of the great brilliancy of the carnival, which has been in as strong contrast with that of Rome as are their political positions. Prince Humbert, who is highly popular, put himself at the head of it; and on Sunday week upwards of twenty cars, beautifully decorated and occupied by the Royal party, many of the highest nobility, the commercial and other associations, and the authorities of several of the neighbouring townships, who desired to be represented, issued forth into the Toledo, and celebrated the honours of the old carnival. For years on years Naples has seen nothing like it, and for a very good reason—all assemblies were discouraged, and the oppressed had no heart for merriment. All, however, is now changed. Anxious that the poor of his private purse, the Prince provided rations for 26,000 families out of permanent residence in Naples.



ARRIVAL OF THE 3RD REGIMENT OF PRUSSIAN GUARDS ON THE P. RADE PLATZ, BENDSBURG -- (FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.) -- SEE PAGE 112



AUSTRIAN INFANTRY IN CHARGE OF OXEN FOR COMMISSARIAT NEAR LORTORF: CAVALRY VEDETTE PASSING.—(FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

GENERAL DE MEZA.

THE late Commander-in-Chief of the Danish army in Schleswig—who, as reported in our last Number, was relieved of his command after the evacuation of the Dannewerk—is a man of note on more

accounts than one. Notwithstanding his present disgrace, General De Meza is regarded as the ablest and most experienced officer in the Danish army; and it will probably be found, when all the facts of the case are known, that the retreat from the Dannewerk was a

wise and prudent measure, by which the safety of the army under De Meza's command was saved from capture or destruction. It is said that the Danish General had long been of opinion that it was impossible to hold the extensive lines before Schleswig with the small



GENERAL DE MEZA, LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DANISH ARMY, AND HIS STAFF.

OUR FEUILLETON.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

army at his disposal, especially in face of the numerous and well-appointed forces brought against him. Besides, his flank had been turned, his centre pierced, and his retreat in danger of being cut off. To retire under such circumstances was plainly a matter of necessity more than of choice; and we doubt not that justice will be done to the General, even in Copenhagen, when the irritation induced by the reverses of the Danes has subsided and they are able calmly to weigh the position in which the army was placed. General De Meza's personal character, however, excites as much interest as his military capabilities and reputation, as he is represented to be distinguished by many odd notions and eccentricities. He is somewhat careless as to dress, and was much more frequently seen in the negligé of morning attire than in the gorgeous habiliments of a military leader. He has, besides, an intense horror of draughts, and while in command at Flensburg had a suite of apartments in a hotel which all opened into each other, but the two inner of which only were occupied by him, the four outer rooms being kept empty and heated in order to prevent the cold air from reaching those in which the General resided. It is said, also, that he insisted, while in the field, upon having a series of tents in connection with his own; but how this could prevent the cold from penetrating the canvas of his tent it is difficult to understand. Notwithstanding his peculiarities, however, General De Meza is considered to be an excellent officer and thorough gentleman, and will no doubt soon regain the favour of his King and countrymen, although we see it stated in a Paris paper that the General has written to the King intimating that he intends to quit Denmark and take up his residence in England.

Christian Jules De Meza was born at Elsinore on Jan. 14, 1792. At the siege of Copenhagen by the English, in 1807, De Meza was made First Artillery Cadet in the citadel of Frederikshafen; and later he became teacher in the Artillery Institution and Military High School of Denmark. This post he quitted, in 1842, in order to become Major in one of the artillery corps. At the breaking out of the revolution in Schleswig-Holstein, in 1848, De Meza was appointed Commander of the Artillery, in which capacity he distinguished himself at the attacks upon Schleswig, Bau, and other places. In December, 1848, De Meza was made Colonel, and on April 16, 1849, he was nominated Chief of the Artillery as well as of the brigade, consisting of 15,000 men, which the Danish Commander-in-Chief had left in the Isle of Als. At the head of this force De Meza took an active part in the battle of Fredericia. On the 1st of January, 1850, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; but, on account of illness, he was unable to take command at the third fight in Schleswig. Still, being of too active a disposition to remain idly at home, he followed the Staff of General Kroghs, with whom he was associated on the 24th and 25th of July, when the news of the misfortune in the fight by Stolk (Isedt) arrived. By desire, De Meza at once took the command of the fallen General Schleppegrell's troops, reorganised the scattered divisions, and for the second time led the artillery and columns to the attack of the enemy, and at length completely routed the opposing troops. After the war, De Meza was appointed Inspector of the United Artillery Corps. This post, however, he gave up, and was made commanding General of the forces in Flensburg (Schleswig), Jutland, and Fyen. On the 21st of April, 1860, De Meza became Lieutenant-General; and on the German troops entering the duchies was named Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army.

Our Engraving represents the General surrounded by his Staff.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

A new comedy, by Mr. Watts Phillips, entitled "Paul's Return," was brought out at the PRINCESS'S on Monday. The plot may be briefly told. Richard Goldsworthy, one of the merchant princes of England, lives with his very unamiable family in a beautiful villa near Richmond. The unamiable family cordially hate a poor young protégée of their rich relative, one Blanche Wilton, the orphan daughter of the merchant prince's late partner, Spencer Wilton. At the rising of the curtain the unamiable family are in high glee at the return of Paul Goldsworthy, a young man who has made a fortune in California. Paul returns, and the unamiable family are filled with horror and contempt when he tells them that, taken prisoner by the Indians, a rascally partner—one Brassington—absconded, and that he has returned poorer than he went away. Only two of his kinsfolk are true to him—the merchant and his daughter Beatrice. Beatrice and Paul had been child-lovers and broken a sixpence. The merchant asks Paul to make his house a home, on one condition—that his love for Beatrice is considered a folly of the past. Paul replies by telling him that in an Indian village he met Spencer Wilton, who before dying entrusted him with papers proving that the greater part of the colossal fortune believed on 'Change to be Richard Goldsworthy's is, in reality, Blanche Wilton's. The merchant then confesses he had "borrowed" the money, in hopes to replace it; and Richard Goldsworthy, the rich, respected, honoured merchant, acknowledges himself a forger and a thief. Paul had sworn to the dead man that he would see his daughter righted. Goldsworthy asks for time. He sends for a small great one of the City—one Abel Honeydew—an aspirant for his daughter's hand. Honeydew will advance the sum on condition that Beatrice becomes his wife, that he may be known on 'Change as the son-in-law of the great Goldsworthy. The merchant demurs. Honeydew threatens, the father chooses between the rehabilitation of his credit and his daughter's happiness, and chooses as a father should. He defies the calculating capitalist, who, nothing daunted, promises to call for an answer in the morning. Beatrice, who has overheard the conversation and the quarrel, resolves to save her father, and Paul, pitying his uncle's agony, tenders to him the fatal papers given him by Spencer Wilton. In the last act Honeydew calls, as he appointed; but Goldsworthy has anticipated him, confessed his fraud, and received forgiveness. Beatrice plights her hand to the capitalist. Paul, who has never seen the wealthy wooer, is about to expostulate with him, when he recognises in Abel Honeydew, Esq., his absconding partner Brassington. The dénouement need not be told.

The piece was loudly applauded and the artists summoned before the curtain at the termination of each act by an audience that, even for a first night, was more than usually desirous to be pleased. But, then, modern audiences are not critical. The plot is ingenious, but the story is not well told. One serious drawback is that the lovers are not interesting—a remark not intended for the actors but for the author—and the dialogue which affects the cynical tone of which Mr. Emile Augier is so complete a master, is weak and unnatural, a fault not to be forgiven in Mr. Watts Phillips, who, in "Paper Wings" and "The Dead Heart," gave evidence of considerable talent in that most important element of dramatic success.

I never saw Mr. Vining to greater advantage than as the proud and ruined merchant, humble as debtor, fierce as a father, and with the remorse of a great crime shadowing a naturally cheerful temperament and good heart. In the second act he gave a charming proof of that rare dramatic talent that indicates rather than expresses. I would suggest, however, that the sudden alteration of his personal appearance in the third act is too startling. Mr. Fisher played the wily Honeydew with great spirit, and evidently enjoyed his villainy as much as his auditors. Mr. Vining is to be congratulated on the engagement of Mr. John Nelson, who made his debut in London as Paul, which he played with the energy, manliness, frankness, and sea-breeziness of a gentleman who was a sailor and a sailor who was a gentleman. Mr. Nelson gave promise of being an admirable *jeune premier*, a rôle in which young gentlemen of good face and figure and gallant bearing are much wanted. The scenery of the new piece is charmingly painted.

Mr. Sothorn, I am happy to say, is recovering rapidly, and is announced to reappear on Wednesday next, not only as Lord Dundreary, but in a new monologue, from the pen of Mr. H. T. Craven, with the singular title of "Bunkum Muller."

Miss Grace Egerton opened the Polygraphic Hall on Monday last with an entertainment called "A Drawing-room to Let; introducing several New Sketches of Odd People." Miss Egerton possesses the same high spirits and power of impersonation as ever; and Mr. George Case exhibited the versatility of his musical talents with his accustomed success.

AN undefined horror and dismay has taken possession of the citizens of London. On Monday next, unless some sudden revulsion of feeling should move the Home Office authorities, seven men will be hanged till they are dead outside the walls of Newgate Gaol, and a feverishly excited crowd from all parts of England, representing mostly the worst elements of society, will be taught the sanctity of human life by the spectacle of wholesale strangulation. The wretched beings who have been sentenced may deserve their fate, but whether the heart of the metropolis is the proper place for carrying the law into effect is certainly open to question. Such a spectacle as it is proposed to enact on Monday next has not been presented since the execution of the Cato-street conspirators; and all London may well feel a thrill of horror when it thinks of the influences to be wrought by the ghastly show.

The Sheriffs of London, sharing in the general consternation at such an awful spectacle to be presented in the very centre of the metropolis, have suggested to the Government that there should be a separate execution, at different places, as the very least that can be done to mitigate the evil. All these propositions, however, have been negatived by the Secretary of State, whose opinion upon the whole question is contained in his reply to Sir G. Bowyer, on Friday last.

Sir G. Grey said that he had received a letter from the Under-Sheriff of London and Middlesex, written by desire of the Sheriffs, requesting him to make an order that some of these persons should be sent to different parts throughout the country to be executed there, in order that a greater impression might be made upon the seafaring population; and suggesting that, if his powers were not sufficient, an application might be made to the Court of Queen's Bench to make such an order. He had himself no power to make such an order, nor did he think that there was sufficient reason to justify an application to the Court of Queen's Bench.

These seven men, now lying under sentence of death, are confined in separate cells in one of the ground-floor corridors, under constant and vigilant supervision. One of them, Lopez, is said to exhibit great impatience at not being allowed to smoke, and asks why they have to wait so long for execution. Since their conviction two of the prisoners, Lyons and Watto, have been attended daily by the Rev. James Hussey, of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields; and Father Louis, a Spanish priest, has been in frequent communication with Lopez, Blanco, Santos, Marsalino, and Duranno. The last-named five, though natives of Manilla, are said to speak but indifferent Spanish, and their priest, having some difficulty in making himself intelligible to them, is usually accompanied by an interpreter.

In view of the interest which, by reason of the foregoing circumstances, centres at the present moment round the gloomy-looking gaol of Newgate, we annex a description of the interior of this prison since the extensive alterations it underwent, by order of the Corporation, some two or three years ago, to render it more suited to the requirements of the age, by insuring in some degree the classification and isolation of the different descriptions of prisoners.

THE GAOL OF NEWGATE

occupies a considerable portion of one side of the thoroughfare known as the Old Bailey. Grim and soot-blackened, its massy stone walls stare blankly at the establishment of the Sunday School Union opposite, at the five or six flaring, dirty taverns, and the one or two dingy coffee-shops, where seedy men, dragged women, impenetrable policemen, and irritable witnesses or prosecutors wile away the dreary hours spent in waiting for the calling on of the cases in the criminal courts.

Standing opposite and looking at the relentless stonework, there is but one light spot in the whole expanse from the dead wall at the corner of Newgate-street to the last gate entrance to the courts where the Sessions are being held. This one spot is the governor's house, which intercepts the solid masonry, and, falling back a step, shows a range of bright windows and a shining brassplate upon a narrow door. Even this, however, is accessible only by a flight of stone steps, its entrance being barred (as not altogether disclaiming prison associations) by a railing of iron. But this door, and, indeed, the whole space occupied by the official residence, is utterly superseded and extinguished into gloom by another door, which is in itself the very type of all those dread recollections that make the very name of Newgate significant of terror and vain remorse. It is a small, black, iron-studded door, this; black, like the dead blackness of dirty crape; low and narrow as the entrance to a vaulted grave, ascended by a ragged, dusty step, which might be of unhewn stone. In hideous mockery of ornament, this ghastly portal is surmounted by a set of gyves and chains, which hang in a square niche, and look like the remains of some human skeleton kept there in its death fetters as a horrible warning to scare the gaol-birds yet at large.

From out this gloomy gate many a trembling wretch has walked as from a living tomb to meet a shameful and a terrible death; many a blatant villain has played the bully to the last and stared with bold and bloodshot eyes at the crowd who had come, full of greedy interest, to see him hanged.

On the heavy, corrugated stonework of the surrounding wall are holes, and clefts, and notches, where the workman's hammer has left its mark and the ends of beams have rested. Each notch and crevice might represent a human life, and yet the dark records of the hangman's office be but scarce begun.

But, with all its tainted atmosphere and sickening details of crime and suffering, the present history of Newgate bears in either but little proportion to the past. The interior economy of the prison itself has undergone a change scarcely more salutary than have the laws which tenant the building with the erring and the guilty.

Having obtained the necessary credentials, we present ourselves before the second of those two black doors and, ascending the high flight of stone steps, peep between the long iron spikes and look into the lobby, while we ring the bell by the long iron handle which hangs beside us. Once admitted, not without a caution amounting to habitual suspicion on the part of the officer who attends to the gate, we have leisure to observe that the prison-like elements of the building are evident even at this early stage of our progress, for there before us, to the right, is another black door, or grille, looking, with its massy bars of trellis-work, like a fearsome window through which no ray of genial sunshine ever entered.

The first thought of Newgate is associated, of course, with Jack Sheppard, and impresses us with the difficulty which we remember beset him on his attempting to escape; that is to say, the uncertainty of his finding his way through the winding passages. This particular feature is still preserved in the building, and, indeed, many of the corridors and lobbies occupy the same position they did formerly, and must be almost as intricate. We follow our guide, however, and stop for a moment before a glazed room, in which prisoners before their trial hold conferences with their legal advisers, under the surveillance of an officer. Beyond this, and looking into one of the yards, is a partition of iron bars closely intertwined with a network of twisted wire; at a distance of about three feet from this are more upright iron bars, behind which, in the yard, the prisoners stand to talk to their friends, who speak to them through the trellis-work in the lobby, so that they are separated in such a manner that no other than verbal communications are possible, especially as an officer walks up and down in the intermediate space. Very strange and melancholy it is to see a place like a doubly secured cage for wild beasts by which it is necessary for these unfortunate wretches to be separated from their fellows lest they should attempt some further breach of the law. Strange and terrible it must be, too, for the wrongfully accused. Who does not remember Kit Nubbles, and his agony of grief, when he is visited by his mother and little Jacob?

We desire to follow as closely as may be the route by which a prisoner first brought to Newgate reaches the various stages in that awful journey from arrest to conviction; and, in pursuance of this intention, pass on towards the main body of the building.

From these winding and gloomy passages we enter a hall of great area—light, warm, and clean—in the centre of which two staircases,

like those which lead to the passengers' cabins of an Atlantic steamer, communicate with the basement. The place reminds us at once either of a large wholesale warehouse before the wares are brought in or of a new railway hotel where the proprietors have retained the old arrangement of the bedrooms in corridors surrounding a central space. There are four of these corridors of light-looking ironwork, approached by staircases of the same construction, and resembling those same old hotels, inasmuch as there are numbered doors at regular intervals, which only require the boots and hot water outside to give the place an air of comfort superior to that of many a mouldy old inn in the City. There are no windows, however; and, instead of the central area being open to the sky, the entire building is roofed and lighted from a lofty ceiling. These numbered doors are the prisoners' cells; but, in pursuance of our original intention, we have first to descend an iron staircase and follow the course taken by the culprit during his temporary confinement in the gaol.

In the basement there are two large but not very light rooms, each containing an ample bath and means for washing. To this the prisoner is first consigned until he has been thoroughly cleansed, while his clothes are submitted to a similar process in another apartment and afterwards dried in a hot-air closet. This completed, he has his hair cut (not very closely, however), is shaved, if he needs shaving, and appears in the prison dress. It is astonishing how these regulations and the greyish-brown jacket and trousers seem to obliterate the identity of the prisoners to a casual observer. The man who, with full, drooping whiskers and fashionable attire may even be of distinguished appearance outside, dwindles in Newgate to an uninteresting convict enough. Such of the prisoners as have held a superior station are only easily distinguishable from the rest when they are in the exercise-yard; there they are to be recognised by their manner of walking, which, in the more highly bred men, offers a marked contrast to the slouching gait of the common felon.

Prisoners before trial or during a remand are of course under somewhat less restraint than those who have been convicted, and unless there is absolute need, for the sake of the general cleanliness, are not compelled to wear the prison dress; they are permitted also to live at their own expense on food of their own choice, within certain limits, but are, of course, restricted in the matter of drink, being allowed, in most cases, only a pint of malt liquor a day. In case of an unusual number of prisoners during the Sessions those who await their trial are placed, with some degree of classification, to sleep in the now unused wards, formerly the ordinary sleeping or dining rooms of the old gaol; but care is taken that those who are selected for this liberty are only such as are confined for the less felonious class of offences, and there is little chance of a well-known thief or burglar being able either to corrupt others or to obtain hints by which to contrive further depredations.

The convict, however, is placed under the complete prison discipline, and after his purification, a medical examination, and an interview with the chaplain, is conducted to a cell in one of the corridors, where he is generally set to work at picking oakum. These cells are entered by a stout, painted wooden door, in which an aperture about breast high is closed by a flap which opens downwards from the outside, and forms a sort of shelf upon which food is passed in to the prisoner. This arrangement enables the gaoler to look into the cell at any moment without opening the door.

There are few attempts at escape now, and, although there are no formidable arrangements of bars or iron-studded doors in this part of the prison, it is so regularly watched by the officers, who are constantly in attendance both night and day, that it would be futile to attempt to pass out of the corridor without an alarm, even if the cell-door could be opened.

Perhaps the most terrible thing about the aspect of the cell itself is its intense and hopeless cleanliness. Everything within it is so bare and spotless that no association of ideas can cling to it or serve to break its blank monotony. The flat walls are whitened so that the print of a thumb-nail might be discovered on their unbroken surface. The light from the small, high window falls upon nothing that will cast a fanciful shadow. The floor is of asphalt, never washed, but dry-rubbed; firm, but almost noiseless to the tread. The furniture consists of a fixed copper basin for washing, over which stands a water-tap, supplied from a separate cistern holding as many gallons of water as may suffice for all purposes of cleanliness and for drinking; a small, square flap of white deal, fastened to the wall by hinges, supported by a movable bracket, is used as a table; a three-legged wooden stool; and a nest of three deal shelves. The prisoner sleeps in a hammock suspended from wall to wall by four hasps, and containing a bed and as many blankets as may be found necessary for comfort. Over the table is a gas jet, protected by a white-painted tin shade, but of course without a tap, the gas being turned on from outside. The hammock is slung before eight o'clock at night, at which hour the gas is turned out; and at six o'clock in the morning the prisoner cleans out his cell, the bedding is taken down, folded in regular order, so that it may be inspected at a glance, and packed on the top shelf. The lower shelves contain the tin porringer, holding about a quart, a tin plate, a spoon, and a tin knife—sharp iron instruments being forbidden, not so much on account of their being used in any endeavour to escape, but to guard against any momentary temptation to self-injury in that excess of excitement and misery which frequently supervenes immediately after conviction. In one corner of the lower shelf is a Bible, a Prayer-book, and some volume for general reading which is supplied from the prison library, and may be changed every day if the prisoner desire it. It is pleasant to see a volume of a well-known magazine, cheerfully wholesome and amusing in its character, lying there; and indeed this is a merciful—nay, only a just—arrangement, when we count the weary hours in which the evildoer is left to wait sitting at his work for the coming of the gaoler who brings his food. The separation of the prisoners is entire, the lock being turned upon them in their cells for the whole day, except during the two hours' exercise in the yard and the three quarters of an hour spent at chapel.

The chapel itself is a large hall, reached by a dark and narrow staircase. The pulpit is of plain dark wood, and the communion-table and rails, which stand opposite the pulpit, are black, and evidently but seldom used; a short flight of steps on each side leads to two large galleries screened almost to the ceiling, one of them being occupied by male the other by female prisoners. About half a dozen rows of seats in the body of the chapel, not unlike the ordinary free seats in churches, are occupied by some of the less secluded prisoners, while a plain Windsor chair, on the right of the pulpit and almost beneath it, is assigned to those who are sentenced to death. It is a strange and depressing place this chapel of Newgate, awfully solemn when we think of those who compose the congregation—but black, and bare, and dull in itself, suggesting little else than a spiritless hope that its influences may be more stirring when it is peopled even with prison life. And yet, as day by day the unwearied preacher strives to bring his hearers to repentance, and speaks of a spiritual freedom which shall give liberty to the captive soul, there may be—doubtless—are subtle workings and strong, unspoken agonies of supplication behind those impenetrable screens which may bear good fruit in time. So the sun's rays, struggling through the windows and touching the dull sordid benches, and the blank, unpromising furniture with a golden glow, may be but a type of what is effected there, unknown perhaps to him who preaches, but not the less a blessing and an eternal good. While at chapel the prisoners are guarded and constantly overlooked by several officers, and, of course, all attempts to speak to each other are instantly repressed, and, if persisted in, punished. The same regulation is observed in the exercise-yards, so that the confinement is only less severe than the solitary system. Indeed, it would seem unbearable were it not to be taken into account that Newgate is only a gaol of detention from which the convicted prisoners are removed to the houses of correction or other penal establishments, and that their stay seldom or never exceeds five weeks, and is generally for a shorter period. It may easily be imagined how great may be the influence of the gaolers in occasionally entering the cells and evincing some human sympathy with their wretched inmates. There is reason to believe that this opportunity is as scrupulously exercised.

The punishment for unruly prisoners who, after being warned,

persist in repeating their offence, is bread and water for a day, or, in refractory cases, the dark cell. These dark cells are situated in the basement, and are the very abodes of blackness; not of dirt or foulness, for they are clean enough and contain a traylike bedstead and a bed, but of darkness which may be felt.

They open out of a stone room like a cellar, where, on our visit, we see a stone-deaf prisoner chopping wood by gaslight. The doors (for there are two) are about a foot apart; and that which renders the darkness more terrible and oppressive is, that not a sound made by the prisoner can be heard outside, and that he is acquainted with this fact. A few hours are frequently enough to bring a stubborn rebel to submission, but the punishment is continued until there is reason to believe that this effect is produced. Every half hour or so the captive is, not inspected, perhaps, for he is invisible from the outside, but listened for through an opening till he yields, and the governor gives permission to restore him to the light.

The exercise-yards are situated at various points outside the building, and inclosed between it and the high external walls, some of which, in the older portion, are guarded by enormous iron spikes trenching downwards like barbs and bristling in all directions.

In the old time these yards were scenes of profanity, obscenity, and wild riot, which it seemed impossible to check, much more to control. Now they are quiet enough, since, as each detachment of prisoners go out for exercise, they walk apart from each other and under constant surveillance. In one or two of the yards which are near the passages to the prison entrance the prisoners' friends come to speak with them, but are separated from them by a double row of iron bars some 3 ft. apart. Occasionally, as in the case of condemned criminals or reprieved prisoners, they exercise alone.

These yards mostly occupy the older portions of the area of the gaol, and near the long wards already mentioned. On the stone staircases leading from these to the building are to be seen certain round iron plates, hanging by pivots to the wall at regular distances, and looking like the tin coverings of peepshow spy-glasses. In effect, they were the coverings of ancient and terrible spy-holes, through which a show was to be seen which will never be exhibited more.

They were the points at which the gaolers of Old Newgate looked into the dark and filthy wards to note the riots of the ruffians who were confined there. Not unfrequently some brutal sentinel would, in his turn, watch for the appearance of an eye at one of these holes, which widen into a square aperture on the room-side, and make a dart at it with a burnt stick or some sharp weapon amidst a yell of groans and curses. Near these yards, too, are the old well-holes, now used as air-shafts for ventilating the inner passages and staircases, and one of the yards leads to the condemned cell.

Apart from the awful reflections with which they are associated, there is little in the condemned cells to excite the imagination; they are simply two ordinarily-sized cells knocked into one, with the substitution of a low wooden bedstead for the usual hammock. The increased size is necessary from the fact that three people occupy the space together—the prisoner and two officers, who watch him day and night until the dreadful end. In the case of the seven men now under sentence, however, the ordinary cells are used.

Returning to the main building and the lightsome iron corridors, we see one of the prisoners bearing a large square wooden tray, on which is arranged about a dozen porringers of soup, and as many thick slices of bread; this is placed upon a lift, which raises it to the first, second, or third story, as may be required, and the gaolers then take the porringer and a slice of bread and pass them in to each prisoner through the trap in his cell. The dietary scale is,—for breakfast, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread and a pint of gruel; for dinner, on four days in the week, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes, and 3 oz. of beef—and on the other three days, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread and a pint of soup containing 3 oz. of beef; supper, the same as breakfast. The prisoners seldom require more food, but frequently feel the loss of the tobacco and beer to which they have been accustomed. Every precaution is used for keeping the inmates of Newgate in health and physical comfort, and the cells are each provided with gratings in the wall, for the respective purposes of drawing off the foul air and supplying its place either with fresh or warm air, as may be required. In cases of sickness, arising either from mental or physical causes, the prisoner is removed to the infirmary, a long room like a shabby workhouse ward, in another part of the building. Here he is allowed to talk to the other inmates, if there are any, and is placed under medical care and altered diet.

For any moderately sufficient reason, the prisoners are allowed to see the governor on expressing their desire to do so; and they can at any time summon one of the gaolers by pulling a handle which hangs in their cell and communicates with a large bell outside, whose alarm is sufficient to rouse the whole corridor. Lest some of the unruly might ring this bell for their own amusement, however, they are at once identified by a simple contrivance, in the shape of a bit of tin plate, painted with the number of the cell, which, ordinarily lying flat against the wall by the side of their door, is acted upon by a spring released on pulling the bell, and immediately starts out like a semaphore hand to point out the spot from which the summons proceeds.

The female side of Newgate resembles the male side in almost every particular, with the addition of a commodious laundry in which there are separate *sinks*, fitted up with sinks, washing-trays, &c., a row of gigantic coppers, a patent wringing-machine, a great expanse of deal for folding, and a series of hot-air drying closets.

But little now remains to be seen, and the final localities are full of associations too terrible to dwell upon. They are the last scenes upon which the condemned felon looks before he leaves that low black door to die before the walls of Newgate.

Whence comes the instinctive shiver which creeps over us as we turn in a hitherto untraversed stone passage and emerge into this long dank alley, with the door at the further end leading to the law courts? It is a dismal but yet an awful place, this alley: shut in by the high and gloomy walls which seem to crumble their unhealthy surfaces on each side, paved with uneven flagstones, roofed by heavy iron bars set in the walls on each side, and between which the slow drizzling rain falls on the dingy stones with a dirty, melancholy plash.

In the wall, on the prison side, are letters roughly cut in the brickwork, at about four feet from the ground—single initials which may mean anything or nothing; they are fraught with awful meaning, however, as are those same irregularities in the flags, where some have sunk away from the rest and slope in contrary directions. We are standing on the graves of felons—murderers who, having been hanged, lie mouldering four feet beneath us, the occasional letter in the wall the only memorial save that in prison records—their name and crime remembered in the "Newgate Calendar," their bodies, still forfeited to the law, "buried within the precincts of the gaol."

By this dreadful passage the miserable criminal goes up to the court for trial. A felon convicted and sentenced to death, settled into a dark sullen despair or writhing in an agony of terror, traverses it in his way back to the condemned cell, and so drags his half palsied limbs over the place already destined to become his grave.

Retracing our steps towards the entrance-lobby of the prison, we turn into a large apartment known as the "bread-room." It resembles a big, bare kitchen, and is fitted with a square deal table and a wide, useful range. Upon this table the prison bread is cut and arranged. There is a small cupboard in this kitchen, where it seems probable (looking from the outside) there are kept a small stock of eatables or dinner requisites.

But when this door, somewhat to our surprise, is opened, it turns out to be a horrible pantry enough, for in it are preserved handcuffs and some pairs of the old fetters and heavy irons formerly used for criminals. All fetters are abolished in Newgate at the present day, and handcuffs are only used when the prisoners are removed to fulfil their term of penal servitude at other places; but here are the veritable fetters which confined Jack Sheppard, anklets cined by mazy iron links, which can either be caught up in the middle between the knees and joined to the chains depending from the handcuffs, or fastened (as was usual) to a ringbolt in the floor of the cell. They weigh altogether 29 lb.; and a facsimile of those which confined

Dick Turpin at York Gaol are of the enormous weight of 37 lb. In this ghastly closet, too, is the axe intended for beheading Thistlewood and the Cato-street conspirators, made for that purpose but never used, as they were ignominiously hanged. Most terrible of all, here hang the straps, belt, and buckles used to pinion the wretched convict on the morning of his execution. This "bread-room," indeed, is part of his route to the gallows, and he is brought here to be prepared for death. Once more crossing the passage, we stand in the kitchen of Newgate, a common-place looking room, not unlike the furnace-room of a laboratory, as regards the large coppers; certainly not much like an ordinary kitchen, inasmuch as it contains none of the usual adjuncts to the preparation of food, since few utensils are requisite for preparing the ordinary meals. All speculation regarding the real use and ordinary duties of the place, however, are superseded by a revelation which seems, at the moment, truly horrible, and at the same time destroys a long illusion. That awful door, through whose black and narrow portal the wretch condemned to die passes to his doom—that "dark, frowning, debtors' door"—is none other than the door of the kitchen; and through this room, in which a lane is made by means of black drapery suspended from the walls, the malefactor pinioned in the "bread-room" walks to death.

Scarcely staying longer than a minute in the ante-room, close to the lodge, where are kept the casts taken from the dead (though evidently not much distorted) faces, we turn to go; for, slowly and painfully pondering these things, the air of Newgate clogs and stifles with a strange oppression. The figure, which, even in spite of an occasionally assumed bravado, is cowed with trembling horror, gasping till the shoulders work in spasms as it is led slowly onward; the wild, imploring tenacity of that last grasp of the gaoler's hand, which is held as though it were felt to be the last remaining spar upon which to keep a moment's hold of life before the final hurling into the awful, fathomless sea beyond; the sickening moment, when the Sheriff's recoil behind the drapery, holding their fingers in their ears to stop the sound of the sharp click of the bolt and the thud of the falling trap; the swaying crowd of upturned faces; all pass before us like an unhealthy dream, and we find ourselves waiting at the grim, spiked door to be let out into the glimpse of sunshine and the morning air.

T. A.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

FOUR A.M.—UP WITH THE LARK.

THERE are two troubles in this life which, though seldom mentioned, are oppressive. One is the trouble of dressing, the other is the trouble of undressing. By "dressing" I do not mean the mere covering of the body with clothing for the body's comfort, but I refer to the elaborate perfecting of decorative attire for the body's display; the fixing out and dandifying which the fashionable world insists upon. And by undressing I do not mean a rapid slipping off of raiment, like the unharnessing of a horse, but the long and tedious process of removing valuable and delicate garments, to be tenderly packed away, and which must be handled with the prudent mercy of a linendraper—"undressing" his window—show goods to be used to-morrow, and attract admiration and envy.

The vanity of fine clothes is a very mean peccadillo—a poor, sickly vice. The niggers indulge in it, poor things. They are easily caught on their native shores, like mackerel, with a bright colour. There is some excuse for the fish, though its pleasant flavour when broiled by a black man in a bead necklace or a sky-blue waistcoat could never soothe the senses. Next to the ebony boys, the French are the most desperate displayers. They live and die for a telling toilet effect, but whether to gain the admiration and overthrow of fascinated women or to rouse the jealous bile of opposition dressers, is one of the secrets of their business. They are a nation of tailors and poetic milliners. I have seen and conversed with a Frenchman who lived on bread until he was nothing but a human pulchre, that he might save up his money to buy polished leather boots—a sacrifice endured through love of his feet, which were certainly neatly made and small. On another occasion I made the acquaintance of a Parisian who in secret informed me that he had two hundred pairs of trousers, a statement so wealthy and enormous that my eye felt, quick as a shot sparrow, to the man's legs, and, behold! he was lame. Another French gentleman confided to me the news that every day he changed his clothes four times. His first suit was a dressing-gown, with Turkish appointments; his second a careless lounging costume de bureau; his third a toilet—very coquettish—"de promenade;" and his fourth the gorgeous and culminating effect, "de salon"—a *mise-en-scène* which was intended to make married women sigh and wish they had seen those enrapturing clothes before they had tied the fatal knot which bound them to wardrobes less sumptuous. It is also in Paris that was "perfected" the petticoat which cost one guinea every time it was washed. It had little rows of puckered lace and little rows of pouting frills; and it was puffed and plaited, and required as many different kinds of irons to complete the getting-up as a bookbinder uses to his trade. Yet this sumptuous mass of *rolants*, *trayettes* and *valenciennes* *fines*, which brought such handsome fees to the clearstarcher, was, after all, to be concealed from view, except a very small portion allowable on a muddy day, and the glory of the extravagance depended upon gossip, like Rothschild's fortune or the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds. It is only in Paris where ladies dare to expend hundreds of pounds upon a dress and yet pretend to love their husbands. It is the country where, every month, fresh fashion-plates are concocted, where bonnet-builders wait for inspirations, and all the fooleries of the show-world are treated as poetic impulses.

That mighty philosopher, so magnanimously negligent of personal appearance, Diogenes, is reputed to have boasted that he could dress in half a minute; but it should be remembered that his rapid performance was merely a species of dog toilet—a shake, and ready for breakfast. A less austere man, Dr. Johnson, allowed himself ten minutes for his morning devotions to personal appearance; but it was a hurried job, and he looked very much like a man suddenly roused by a cry of fire. These men of genius never bothered about a clean parting or a neat tie. Let us be charitable, and allow half an hour to every disciple of soap and water.

The crinoline was a French discovery. It is a luxurious and graceful invention, and was instantly sent to Sheffield for improvement by our first engineers. England may claim the honour of red petticoats. They are captivating, and have their effect. To neither of these innocent frolics do I object. Neither do I turn my back upon another British flight of fancy. I refer to that curious arrangement of strings by means of which a lady can, in wet weather, draw up her dress like a blind and festoon the skirt around at modest petticoat height. A relation of mine—a severe man, with a touch of Quaker blood—professes to be disgusted with each of these fashions, and, having been in early youth apprenticed (for three years) to a comic newspaper, he sent me the following skit upon these popular adornments. He objects to them more especially in windy weather. He treats the tempest tossed and buffeted creatures as ships struggling with a hurricane:—

"The Georgiette, of Kensington, Captain De Lancy, commander, bound for Lewis and Allenby's, with specie for settlements, experienced very rough weather whilst working up Regent Strait. The gale, which was blowing from the West-Central district, seized the Georgiette fore and aft, blowing her main-top bonnet-strings into ribbons and carrying away her sheet-handkerchief. With great presence of mind Captain De Lancy instantly ordered the skirt to be taken in three reefs, for her headgear had broken from its fastenings, scattering the hairpins to the raging elements, and the back hair in furious waves was sweeping the bare neck. Knowing that the Strand was not far distant, the gallant Captain commanded the skirt to be further taken in, and, by the timely assistance of tugs, was enabled to return with closely-furled flounces to the Kensington Roads, where the Georgiette will undergo repairs.

"When last seen, the Nancy, of Bedford-row, Hopkins skipper, was perfectly unmanageable, scudding before the wind with torn mantle, damaged crinoline, and double skirts flapping. The Atlas, 2-horse power, with passengers for over the water, observed the

Nancy throwing out signals of distress, but was unable to render the slightest assistance, her wheels labouring heavily. The unfortunate Nancy is known to have gone down, but her hands, though exhausted, escaped, and were eventually picked up.

"Towards nine o'clock p.m. the gale had somewhat abated. The Bouncing Bet, of Wapping, just arrived with fish, reports having seen a fine clipper, evidently of foreign build (supposed to be the Anastasio from Havre, De Jouvin master, long since due at Bayswater with tea and sugar), beating about the southern circus point in great peril, her sanedectum trailing behind, and not a stitch of her gathers holding together. She had evidently mistaken the lights of Swan and Edgar for those of Hodge and Lowman at the northern circus. She exchanged observations with H.M. man-of-war Peeler, who, though half seas over, gallantly took her in charge. A claim will be made upon the owner for salvage."

A few years since—it was in the autumn time, for partridges hung by the legs, and bread sauce was according to law—I had the felicity of living opposite to a lady who would insist on performing her afternoon's toilet with the blinds up. The lady was of foreign birth, young and beautiful. Our street let lodgings, and this lovely stranger drew her hair in the second-floor front.

You may readily imagine how revolting this exhibition must have been to a man of modest and retiring behaviour. In vain did I endeavour to shun the spectacle; in vain did I avert my blushing eyes, or turn my thoughts to study the Penny Encyclopedia. There was a terrible fascination about that revelation of hairdressing which forced me to look on as though a spirit voice had cried "Behold!" Yielding to my fate, I allowed my eyesight full range, and made notes.

That foreign lady, when the toilet was completed, was as beautiful a creature as ever dipped finger in pomatum. But before the process of decoration commenced she was a commonplace and rather plain mortal. Then my heart was low; but gradually, barometer-like, as the tittivated countenance brightened, my feelings rose from "change" to "fair," until, when the art-touches ceased and a sunshine of beauty illumined her every feature, the dial of my emotions remained firmly fixed at "very fair," and not even the silent tapping of the finger of scorn could alter my sentiments. That foreign lady dressed her top hair into a kind of rouleau, which she mastered by means of a thick ruler, somewhat after the manner of making rocket-cases. I have witnessed her do and undo that roll, coronet, or whatever may be its professional name, half a dozen times, until I grew as excited as Bruce watching the spider. How she smoothed and plastered it over the ruler! how tenderly she removed that instrument from the tube! and how carefully, when the result was approved, did she carry her head, as if balancing the fragile ornament! Presently she would dive down and be busy examining the contents of her dressing-table drawer, and whilst I was wondering what she was seeking, her hands would come to sight holding big bunches of lovely ringlets, which in a little time were, with uncommon dexterity, securely hairpinned, and the head, which but a few minutes since was but scantily thatched, was on a sudden flooded with curls, elastic and glossy, flowing over her polished shoulders (which stood out like islands of ivory separating the stream) and cascading down the back, an irresistible cataract of loveliness. Oh, it was a sweet and soothing sight to watch this fair creature, now toning down her complexion with the powder-puff, and now heightening the roseate tints on the cheeks by a hectic flush, which spoke rather of delicate than of robust health! The correction of the eyebrows was a labour of love, and, crayon in hand, she devoted herself to the task with the patience and firmness of a writing-master touching up his pupil's holiday letter, strengthening the faulty lines, perfecting the curves, and straightening the jagged edges. The eyes occupied much time, and required to be held close to the glass whilst under treatment, for fear the dark line painted under the lashes should be administered with too bold an effect, and betray the art which imparted such bewitching brilliancy to her glances. Another very original improvement was the application of a cobalt effect under the eye—a slight smudge toned down with a cloth until the merest tint remained, as though the china-blue of the eyeball were showing through the transparent skin. The success of this "one touch of nature" was surprising. It persuaded the enraptured gazers that the fair being before them was but a weak and fragile creature, doomed to perish in her loveliness—to bloom and die the death of the roses. Sympathies such as these, if too painfully aroused, are apt to interfere with enjoyment, by calling forth more pity than compliments, therefore my opposite neighbour, to convince her worshippers that she enjoyed better health than they might imagine, imparted to her lips a luscious cherry redness, by ingeniously outlining the "Cupid's bow" with that delicious *pigment de toilette*, known as "Chinoise red," an invention borrowed from that truly wonderful people, and which, on the mouth of woman, has overthrown more men than even the discovery of gunpowder has slaughtered from the cannons. When this lady "overthrew" had completed her adornments, it was, indeed, a treat to behold the success she commanded; and oft have I from my window witnessed her entry into the drawing-room below, and with tears of pity gazed on the paroxysms of her enraptured husband, who, unhappy man, would impulsively have pressed her to his fond lips; but, alas! he was invariably repulsed, and his affection thwarted on account of the Chinese pigment.

These are but a few of the troubles of dressing; and to furnish a complete list of them would fill volumes. In the great combat that is every day being fought between the sexes, each is so desirous of conquest that no art or strategy has been neglected for assisting the attack; and the article of padding alone would occupy a lifetime for its description. In this battle-field, where the tailor and the milliner lead on their opposing forces, the struggle continues day and night. Balls cannot end it, and the rout is never decisive. Supplies do not lack. The mangled trimmings, the tattered dress, the soiled gloves are quickly renewed, and again the battle rages. Even old age valiantly refuses to retreat from the struggle, but wars in the same ranks, shoulder to shoulder, with youth and beauty; and, although frequently repulsed, still draws his brave cheque, and, with Truebit at his head, singles out the nearest crinoline.

As an illustration of the trouble of undressing, I need but direct the reader's attention to the Engraving of four a.m. How painful, yet how instructive to the elevated mind, is that revelation of fashionable excess (fatigue); and how truly delighted must every upright lady feel that she has never yielded to such degrading over-indulgence in midnight junket!

Linda was the finest girl out of a family of sixteen, of whom seven were early selected by Death as sweet samples of worldly innocence, whilst the spared lambs remained, not only to share their parents' love, but eventually their property—equally, with reversions to survivors. Thus early her own mistress, and possessed of an independence which, if it did not warrant a costly establishment, at least authorised the comforts of furnished apartments, Linda yielded to the pleasures and attractions of fashion, and soon became conspicuous from her devotion to salubrious delights, ever preferring to thread the lively dance rather than the domestic needle, and always ready to point the fantastic toe in preference to the wholesome moral. Affecting the dress and manners of the quality, she grew, by forwardness, to be considered as a leader at the entertainments she frequented, where her conversational vein, commanding wonder, rapidly obtained imitators, several of her expressions being adopted by her feeble companions, who thenceforth would speak of a man as a "dear toad," or, with unpardonable freedom, term him "an agreeable devil." Thus, alas! had childhood's meekness yielded to a dangerous effrontery which, heightened by extravagance in dress, so shocked her loving sisters that, to mark their disapprobation, they modestly preferred being "out" whenever their giddy relation called, though once, in the hopes of a sudden awakening, they accepted an invitation to drink tea, and neglected not to mingle the flow of soul with the refreshing herb, or to elevate the feast of tea-olives into that of reason.

In her twentieth year Linda was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a gentleman from foreign parts, who, though far advanced in years, still retained sufficient of his youthful fire to suggest the kindling of Hyman's torch; and, happening to admire the lady's rotund and comfortable proportions, as well as her



FOUR O'CLOCK A.M.: UP WITH THE LARK.

activity, not only mental but gymnastic, he was seized with love and acknowledged its empire. Flattered by the selection of one so wealthy, and softened, perhaps, by the presentations of jewels and vows (how invaluable!) of eternal constancy, the snovy coldness of Linda at last thawed before the flame of her aged swain, and, casting herself on her De Chemminy's bosom, she accepted his proffered hand, as well as the precious tribute it offered, coquettishly permitting the necklace to encircle her ample throat. Now, the gay Linda De Chemminy allowed her fashionable desires full play. Mistress of a magnificent establishment, adored by her admiring husband, whose fond eyes were never tired of worshipping her queenlike robustness, she sacrificed to pleasure, employing none but the first pastry-cooks. Her life was a long succession of dances and dinners, junkets and high jinks, reunions, receptions, and routs; so that sunlight was replaced by the glare of lamps, and the larks high in heaven might have beheld her still in her drawing-room; for with the gay Linda to be up with that early bird meant not rising refreshed from bed, but that it was yet too early for her to retire to the comforts of her lace-edged pillow.

Her martyred husband, exhausted by prolonged dances, with which his feeble legs were unequal to cope, surrendered to a full supper, assisted by a sluggish liver, and quitted life after a hearty indulgence in a luscious Mayonnaise. Refusing to heed this warning, Linda De Chemminy continued her sports. Her attendants, worn out with exhaustion, refused to stay in her service, and sought situations where more sleep was permitted. The delicate Alice Brockley, a girl so beautiful that one of our first Barons once offered to embrace her, was seized with somnambulism brought on by having to perform her duties when half asleep, and the sweetest face in England was only preserved to us by the timely aid of a spring mattress and cowhells stowed in port wine. But the punishment was at hand. The sufferings of English and French attendants were to be avenged, and terrible was the atonement! After an unusually brilliant entertainment, where the spitefully and wealthy widow had danced incessantly and refused offers of marriage from half her partners, she reached her mansion just as the milkmen were taking their morning wags. She complained of fatigue, and was assisted



FOUR O'CLOCK P.M.: WASHERWOMAN'S TEA.

to her chamber by Watkins, Marie Chabot, and the lovely Alice Brockley. The undressing of the exhausted Linda had scarcely commenced when she fell into a heavy slumber. Her back hair was taken off and carefully put away, the frizzettes were removed, and the Alexandra curls placed in their drawer; yet she moved not! One by one her golden ornaments were stowed away in their cushioned cases—bracelets, rings, necklaces, coronets, brooches, earrings, costly trinkets, whose value might even have puzzled the advances of Attenborough himself. Presently the roses were culled from the front garden of her bosom and removed to the conservatory of the wardrobe. Shirts of tinkling satin, slips of rustling silk, were folded and put by; laces, which Elise would have kissed in rapture, were smoothed and locked up; and, though the gaping servants worked with the energy of counter-jumpers undressing a shop window, nearly one hour had fled before the frills of Linda De Chemminy's embroidered nightcap overshadowed her massive eyebrows. Yet she moved not! She was carried to her bed uttering the most affecting moans. Five night-bells were pulled by frantic hands in livery. The rulers of London met. For months the deadly nightshade

illuminated that room of sickness. The faculty declared their patient to be suffering from catalepsy of a highly stubborn character, and they predicted that a comatose condition would supervene before cerebral activity could be restored. All this happened. Linda De Chemminy, after sleeping for weeks, arose an awakened woman. A.M.

FOUR P.M.—"TEATIME."

"Which with a heavy wash, and me nearly through my secondin', tea-time's a blessin'. There's something in a good sarcer o' tea as sperrits don't come anigh; not but what I hold with a little drop jest afore clearin' up, but I always sez, tea's the most enlivenin' as a bevverage, when not drowned after the pot's done with up stairs; an' drat puttin' soda in to draw it, becoss we get plenty o' that outside, goodness knows. When a faint steamy odour pervades the entire house; when the stair-case walls are clammy and the handrail scroops under your grasp; when warm, moist puffs seem to come up through the floor, and the gaunt bedsteads stand bare of furniture to mock the thought of rest; when the dinner

for which you have been kept waiting an hour beyond the usual time, comes up in the shape of a cold joint with a hideous gap in the centre; when the door-bell peals violently all day long, and nobody can be found to answer it; when shrill talk and the metallic click of pattens resound from the remote basement; when you are regarded as a despicable nuisance for not having gone away to an early breakfast and stayed out to supper—the sentiments of Mrs. Botchitt commend themselves to the judgment.

You know Mrs. Botchitt very well, for you have met her in the hall on previous occasions when she has been going, and you have been coming home. At such times she has made a feint of covering with her scanty shawl a parcel folded in a newspaper, consisting, as you have reason to believe, of her supper, which she prefers to carry away with her. Mrs. Botchitt has dropped you a curtsey of mingled respect and defiance, and has turned with a benign and sympathetic manner to the partner of your joys to observe, that she will, "Please goodness, Mum," be here this day month, even if she has "to disappoint Mrs. Winkfield, which, though a kind lady, is, as the sayin' is, precarious, and the servants not all as might be wished." With the additional remark, confidentially imparted, that "Poor people has their living to get," Mrs. Botchitt has closed the door and the conversation, leaving you, somehow, at a disadvantage.

I am so conscious of this moral defeat whenever I happen to meet Mrs. Botchitt that I have more than once sent down a supplementary shilling by the servant, to be added to her day's wage; in return for which she has presented her "dooty," and has afterwards relented towards me on the ground that it would "ill become" her "not to be grateful, her as is thankful for eighteenpence a day an' a bit o' vittles." I regret to say that Mrs. Botchitt and most of her class speak of their day's meals as a "bit o' vittles" in a deprecatory manner, which always seems intended to represent themselves as suffering from a delicate appetite, and as not to be associated with the gap in the joint before mentioned. So effectual is this method of allusion that I have generally found other people adopt the same formula, and it has become an established custom never to speak of a washerwoman taking her meals, but as "eating her bit of vittles."

There is no mistake about teatime, however. At four o'clock she sits down for a half hour of pure enjoyment. Tea is her only acknowledged meal. "A mouthful for breakfast, a little bit o' dinner, an' Lor bless yer, mum, anythink 'll do, there's no call to make

a fuss; but a nice cup o' tea I *do* enjoy." Surely there must be something in the fragrant infusion which exercises a similar influence upon her parboiled bronchials, to that of the oleaginous saloop with which Charles Lamb represented the youthful sweep as ameliorating the fuliginous particles that clung to his throat. Breakfast is a disjointed and anxious repast, interrupted by the exigencies of the copper fire; dinner is disturbed by the "second boiling," and the "blueing down" of the morning's batch of linen; but teatime brings with it rest and peace, as seeing the end of labour. It is the quiet autumn of the day. The fruit, in the shape of a second

drying, has but to be gathered from the clothes-lines—something attempted, something done—has earned eighteenpence, a bit o' vittles, and a night's repose.

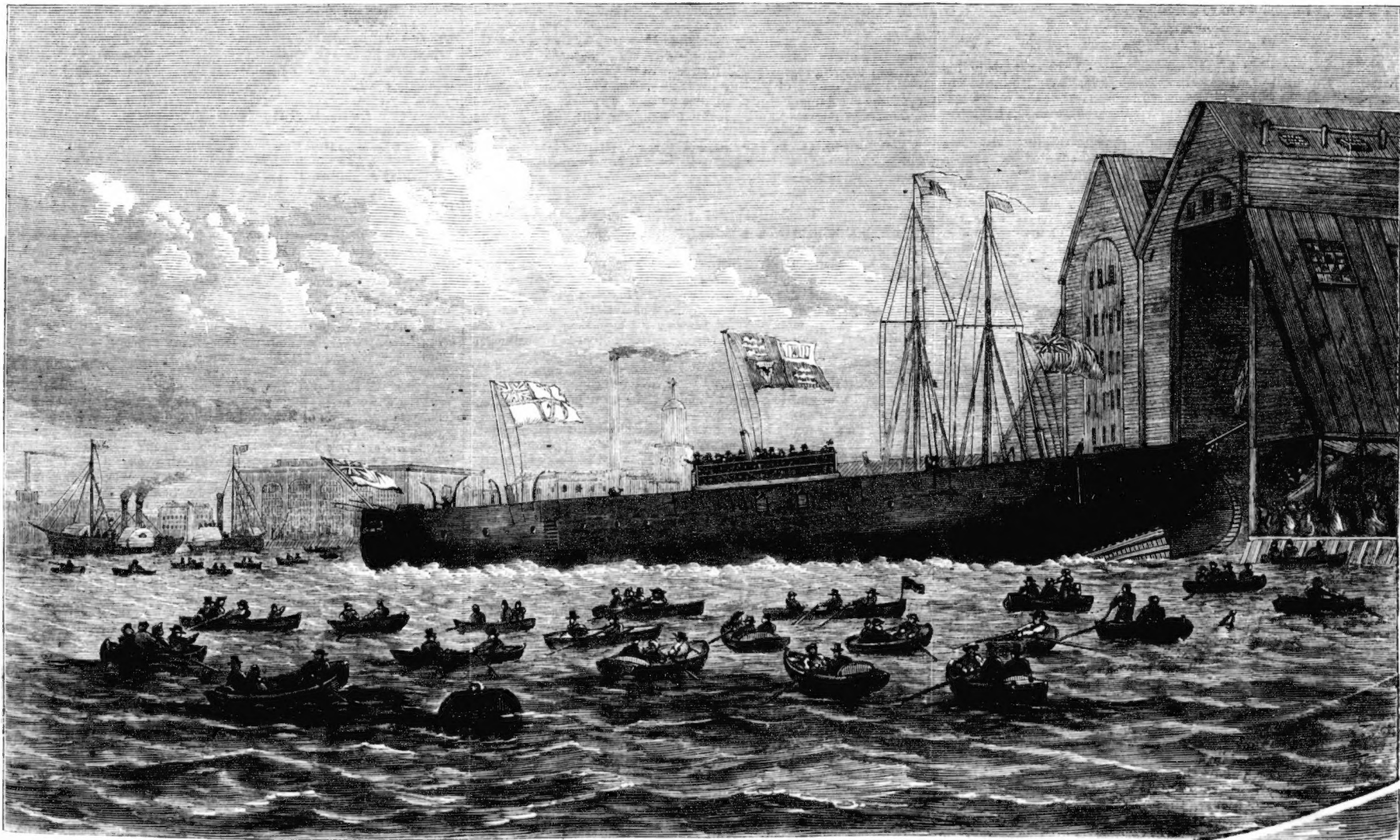
The laundresses who establish a horse and cart, and call their laundries by names which suggest lawn-drying, and linen smelling of wild thyme, are mostly of a different class to Mrs. Botchitt, though their houses may not be so far apart as is generally supposed. If she should "take in" washing on her own account, it will be a sad day for me and for other householders in our neighbourhood who don't wear paper collars. Did you never, when your stock of these useful addenda ran low, discover that your own perfectly-fitting Cambridge three-folds had been exchanged for those of some stork-necked pretender who had bought a job-lot at 3s. 6d. a dozen, or for the highly-starched, rasping all-rounders of a sporting publican of plethoric habit? What security have you that your dress-shirt does not at this moment envelop the manly form of the "conductor" who rode behind your omnibus to town? Did you never hear the story of the gentleman who had concentrated all his ingenuity upon the perfection of a patent shirt—who had superintended the construction of a single sample, that he might appear in it at a public dinner—who came home at the last moment to dress, and found a shirt, not his, laid ready for him—who went out wrathfully to the tavern where the feast was to be held, and was transfixed with horror at seeing *his* shirt, the garment to every detail of which he had devoted his highest intellect, adorning the breast of a waiter. Unable to restrain his indignation, he demanded of the fellow how he came by that shirt. The reply was more than he could bear. "Dear me, Sir; yessir, it is singler, no doubt, Sir; gentlemen's linning will get exchanged sometimes; it strikes me as your've got my shirt on, Sir!"

He fled, dinnerless.

Since the time when, as a child, I strayed on one occasion into the back kitchen and saw a woman sitting easily on a rush-bottomless chair, smoking a short pipe and liberally displaying a pair of wellington boots, I have been curious as to washerwomen and their habits. Some of their peculiarities have been already noted; but there are three principal conditions common to them all in my experience. Did anybody ever know one of them in whose name there was not a preponderance of consonants, or of vowels so disposed that they had the appearance of consonants? It may be taken as a general law that the names of washerwomen are angular, or, if I may so speak, three-cornered. I have never met with more



INAUGURATION OF THE DARGAN STATUE, DUBLIN, BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.



LAUNCH OF HER MAJESTY'S IRON-CLAD STEAM GUN-VESSEL ENTERPRISE FROM DEPTFORD DOCKYARD.

than two exceptions, and they sounded slippery, like wet yellow soap. Mrs. Botchitt and her sisterhood always suffer from some deeply-seated complaint, which, in their case, is always chronic, and is never alleviated, save by some remedy which is amongst the deepest mysteries of medicine. As a rule, treacle is a considerable ingredient in the composition of this medicine, although I have known yeast and vinegar, or all three combined, to have worked marvellous results, when the "first physicians of London had given it up."

Lastly, it will be found that the washerwoman has always to contribute to the support of some relation, mostly an idle and drunken husband, son, or brother, who is constantly making inroads upon her hard-earned wages, treats her with alternate brutality and affected kindness, and would see her starve with little compunction, but that he is dependent on her labour for comforts that she can never afford for herself. It will happen sometimes, on dark nights, that when Mrs. Botchitt goes out at the door, a man, walking with a crutch, is seen waiting for her in the street. He has even been known to come with a low knock, and ask apologetically whether his "good woman" has gone away, yet hoping that you'll excuse him, but it's such a night that he thought she mightn't be able to get home so well alone. This is admirable, you think; and so it would be, but it some day transpires that half her earnings are spent at the public-house in the next street; and when Mrs. Botchitt one day falls ill, being, in fact, half starved, and having received a severe blow from the cripple's crutch, you find that he has been taken to the station-house speechlessly drunk, and that she has never received the subscriptions which he collected from "the gentlefolks" who employ her.

Perhaps the evident enjoyment of the four o'clock tea has something to do with this condition of Mrs. Botchitt's life. She will never turn off her miserable dependant—she will toil, and starve, and do almost anything to keep her children and him. She has denied herself everything that he can grudge, and her tea is an unadulterated enjoyment for which he has little liking. She might drink that and welcome for him, since he has grown accustomed to an entirely different stimulus, and at 4 p.m. has probably begun to spend the evening with a mixture of gin and warm porter.

T. A.

LAUNCH OF THE ENTERPRISE.

HER MAJESTY'S small iron-clad screw gun-vessel *Enterprise*, of 990 tons, and 180 ft. in length, was launched at Deptford Dockyard on the 9th inst., in the presence of many thousands of spectators. Amongst those present in the reserved seats erected on a platform at the bow of the vessel were his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, Lord Clarence Paget, secretary, and other members of the Admiralty, Mr. Angerstein, M.P., &c. The ceremony of christening was performed by Miss Chads, sister of the Captain Superintendent of the establishment, and, the cogshores having been removed, the small but massive vessel glided gracefully off the building slip into the Thames amidst the cheers of the spectators. After the launch, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur and a select party proceeded to the residence of the Captain Superintendent and partook of refreshment. The ship, which is already fitted with her 4½ in. armour-plates, and engines of 160-horse power, manufactured by Messrs. Rivenhill and Salkeld, was subsequently removed to Woolwich Dockyard, where she will be masted and rigged for service. She is in every respect a valuable addition to the Royal Navy, and a remarkable specimen of the improvements effected by modern naval architecture. She is a wooden ship up to her water-line, and has been entirely constructed under the personal superintendence of Mr. E. J. Reed, chief constructor of the Royal Navy; and, although the smallest iron-clad steam-vessel yet launched for the Government, she is a powerful craft, and it is expected will prove most effective in actual warfare. Her armament will consist of four 110-pounder rifled guns, and the internal arrangements of the vessel are admirable. The safety of the hull near the water-line is provided for by a single armour-belt from five to seven inches wide. She contains a magazine, shellroom, &c., and is fitted with a large platform, to be used as a cockpit; and this communicates, by a covered passage through the engine-room, with an after cockpit and dispensary. Her sanitary arrangements are also of a very superior description.

INAUGURATION OF THE DARGAN STATUE.

THE Irish metropolis is fast accumulating an excellent collection of statues of Ireland's distinguished sons. Within a comparatively brief period statues of Burke, O'Connell, and Goldsmith have been erected; and only a few days ago that of Mr. Dargan, the great promoter of industry and enterprise in Ireland, was inaugurated by the Lord Lieutenant at the same time as the new National Gallery. When the proposed statues of the late Prince Consort and of Moore are erected, Dublin will be able to boast of fine statues of several of the most eminent men, in different walks of life, which any country or age has produced.

Our Engraving represents the ceremony of uncovering the statue of Dargan, of which we have already given a description.

THE OPERA.

IN his new opera Mr. Macfarren has followed the example of his heroine. He himself, like Miss Hardcastle, has "stooped to conquer." He has "stooped" to set to music one of the very worst poems ever written, and he has, nevertheless, succeeded in triumphantly "conquering" the public. For his success he is certainly not indebted to his librettist. It is true that the incidents of Goldsmith's popular comedy have been cleverly modified and adapted for operatic purposes; so well, indeed, has this part of the librettist's duty been executed, and so much better than the literary portion, that we cannot but surmise the composer himself has laid out the scenario.

"She Stoops to Conquer," very fortunately, exactly suits the English character of Mr. Macfarren's muse. Well knowing his own strength, he always chooses subjects in which he can best exhibit his powers. The scene of his most important operas, "Charles II." and "Robin Hood," as well as of the cantatas "May Day" and "Christmas" is laid in England, and all these are redolent of our national characteristics. "She Stoops to Conquer" contains not one piece of music so grand or masterly as the elaborate finale to the second act of "Robin Hood"; nor does it comprise so many happy melodies as either of the composer's previous operatic works. It is, however, remarkable for many excellences in which Mr. Macfarren has no rival. In the first place, the instrumentation is so extraordinarily effective throughout that extrinsic interest is given to trite and borrowed themes. Then the music always, excepting the ballads, is eminently dramatic, and the concerted pieces are constructed with marvellous skill. Here, indeed, Mr. Macfarren reigns supreme, not merely among English but among European composers. The scene of the supper at Squire Hardcastle's, forming the finale to the second act of "She Stoops to Conquer," is a very masterpiece. It is opened, pianissimo, by the villagers, who, clustering together in timid groups, attracted by the prospect of a good supper and yet scarcely daring to enter precincts sacred to the Squire, give vent in antiphonal choral recitative, sung in unison to their doubts and fears. To propitiate the owner of the house, they then sing a four-part song. "The cuckoo sings on the poplar-tree," one of the most melodious, best harmonised, and most effective "numbers" of the score, and the one which is, in all probability, destined to the widest popularity. A drinking-song, in which Marlow encourages his guests to jollity, follows; and, although the theme is not strikingly new, it is so cleverly arranged for solo and chorus that it brings down hearty applause. We then have a good deal of prose dialogue, setting forth the quarrel between the Squire and Marlow—dialogue which, unfitted as it may seem for musical illustration, has been set with singular felicity. The quarrel is broken off by the appearance of the heroine, who runs about the stage enticing Marlow to pursue her, and singing, meanwhile, a charming phrase, which, like the song of a skylark, floats high above the imprecations of the Squire, the protestations of Marlow, the vexation of the second pair of lovers, arrested in their intended elopement, the mischievous delight of young Lumpkin, and the drunken revelry of the peasants. The concerted

pieces generally, though, of course, less elaborate than the glorious finale to which we have drawn attention, are equally admirable. There is, for instance, a quintet in the last act, which is in the highest degree effective. It is original, too, in construction. The quintet, which opens with a spirited subject to express the reproaches heaped upon Tony by Marlow, Hastings, and Constance, incloses a very elegant and flowing duet for the lovers, accompanied by the two other voices, and interrupted, at intervals, by the voice of the old Squire calling from behind the scenes for his niece. Two buffo trios—one beginning, "Oh! 'tis a famous old story," in which the Squire insists upon recounting to his guests the adventures of the Duke of Marlborough at the siege of Denain, and the other depicting Tony Lumpkin's perplexity at reading the letter intended for Constance—are both conceived and worked out in the true spirit of comic opera. Another trio, "Give me, if you please, my jewels," also deserves special mention for its pretty opening melody, for its vigorous and dramatic conclusion, and also for the strange coincidence of one of the most important phrases being identical with a theme in the most popular opera of the day, "Faust." We freely absolve Mr. Macfarren from all charge of wilful plagiarism; but his mind seems to be so fully impregnated with the music of every school that he cannot help making unconscious use of the materials of other composers. The listener is constantly puzzled by the idea that he has heard the melody somewhere else, and in most cases he is right. So extraordinary is the composer's skill, however, that in spite of this drawback his music, especially in the concerted pieces, excites unceasing interest.

Two of the cleverest "numbers" of the work are the two duets for Marlow and Miss Hastings, which serve to bring out the opposite phases of the young man's character. In the first "I say, Madam, I say," we find the hero struggling vainly to repress the nervous timidity he experiences in being confronted with a young lady, and endeavouring to stammer out broken apologies, which, by-the-by, are "pieced out" by the orchestra into a delicious melody. In the second, "To guess at this distance," the bashful lover has regained all his confidence, and feels no hesitation in making cavalier love to the same young lady, when she is disguised as a barmaid, of whom he stood in such dread when she appeared in propria persona. Here, again, the melody is as charming and bright as it is appropriate to the situation. In both these duets the composer has been peculiarly happy; and the circumstance is the more fortunate inasmuch as the melodies of both are worked, by an admirable stroke of art, into the finale to the last act. In this the heroine taunts Marlow with the difference of his behaviour to her in her two characters, mocking his timidity and boastfulness, while in the orchestra is heard the most catching theme of the overture, linking thus the prelude with the dénouement of the work. This same melody is used for the refrain of the most taking and popular solo in the work, "Am I not a pretty barmaid?" in which Miss Hardcastle, preparing to stoop in order to conquer, rehearses to her friend the part she is going to play. With this single exception, the songs and ballads of the opera are quite unworthy of the composer's high reputation and great powers. The best of them, perhaps, is the tenor cavatina, "O Constance, dear," with a very effective viola obligato; but the others are scarcely worthy of mention, unless it be on account of the uniformly careful and admirable instrumentation by which they are embellished. The chorus singers have very little to do, but the game of cricket which is played upon the stage is made very effective by the extremely clever chorus that accompanies it.

The style of performance can be guessed by the frequenters of the Royal English Opera. Miss Louisa Pyne sings charmingly, as usual, and, as usual, her costume is utterly inappropriate to the part she assumes. Personating the barmaid with the most extensive of hoops and with powdered hair, she could scarcely have deceived Marlow into the least doubt of her identity. Miss Pyne plays, however, with great spirit. The voices of Miss Hiles and of Mr. George Perren are too weak for the large area of Covent Garden, and the former sings out of tune; but the latter acquits himself very well of all his solos. Mr. W. Harrison is, like Miss Hiles, also prone to sing flat, and in depicting Marlow's nervousness he carries his awkwardness to an impossible extent. In the scene with the barmaid, however, he acts with great tact. Mr. Weiss is somewhat ill-fitted for Old Hardcastle, but the part is well suited to his voice, and he exhibits more dramatic intention in this than in any character we have yet seen him assume. Mr. H. Corri throws himself heart and soul into the character of Tony Lumpkin, and enacts the graceless mischief-loving cub to the life. Mr. Corri and Mr. Weiss have both summoned up the courage to shave beard and moustache; but, strangely enough, their good example has not been followed by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Perren. Surely these gentlemen must know that no hirsute adornments to the face were worn a hundred years ago; and we know not why tenor rather than bass singers should claim the special privilege of outraging all probability. The chorus and orchestra, under the zealous and conscientious direction of Mr. Mellon, were both admirable; and several picturesque scenes have been expressly painted for the opera by Mr. Grieve.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, "Faust" is still attracting large audiences. On Monday last a morning performance was given at which the attendance was immense. There was no difference from the ordinary evening representation, except in the difficulty, on account of the great crowd, of getting into and out of the house. There is to be one more mid-day performance on Monday week, and only six more representations in all. Rumour whispers that when the opera is revived for the Italian season its attractiveness will be increased by new scenery, and by the addition of the Walpurgis Night music, which has never yet been given in England. Tannhauser is also promised to us this season.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution in Pall-mall, like a good many other British institutions, does not improve with age. The present exhibition falls behind those of other years on the whole, although there are, here and there, bright exceptions to the general dead level of mediocrity, or perhaps something worse. How some of the pictures (493, for instance) ever got into the institution at all must remain a mystery; although the reasons for admitting No. 264 are not difficult to discover when we turn in astonishment to the catalogue for the artist's name.

As for the hanging of the pictures, it is even more unsatisfactory than that of the Royal Academy. The hanging committee, whoever they may be, appear to have suspended their own judgment, among other things.

Owing to this faulty arrangement, a very clever little bit of painting by Mr. Coudery, "The Wanderer" (206), appears to have entirely escaped the critics. It will well reward inspection, though you must kneel on dusty matting to get near it.

But a truce to fault-finding—which, after all, is not difficult at any time—and let us turn to a consideration of the pictures.

The first picture which strikes us on entering the room is a portrait of Miss Bateman as Leah. We had a sort of notion that portraiture was excluded from the British Institution—but no matter, there stands before us unmistakably a very good likeness—although as a painting somewhat grey and cold, which is (if we dare whisper it) a little like the impression which the representation of "Leah" left upon our mind, so that Mr. Collins is perhaps only the truer to nature.

In this north room, however, the chief attraction is Sir Edwin Landseer's contribution, "Well-bred Sitters"—by-the-way, we heard a lady—could it have been Mrs. Griggs, Mr. Sketchley?—suggesting that the word should have been "setters." These well-bred sitters, who never say they are "bored," are a retriever and colley—the former of them holding a "softener" in his mouth. Two or three pigeons, a pheasant, and a cigar-case fill up the foreground. The dogs' eyes are full of intelligence, and their pose natural. May we be allowed to question the very grey stelly light on the black coat? The pigeons are admirable. Let the spectator, who from a little distance has been thinking their plumage a masterpiece of finish and delicacy, look into them closer, and see with what bold and free dashes our great animal-painter grasps

effects which others would vainly stipple to attain with infinite labour. Next to Sir Edwin Landseer, in this room, stands, we opine, Mr. Arthur Gilbert, whose picture of "Moonlight on the Mountains" (167) we could study by the hour. Especially noteworthy is the line of sheeny water at the back and the reflected hillside, ruffled where the ghostly heron is winging over the face of the lake. We have seldom seen moonlight so truthfully painted.

A child's head (7), by Mr. A. Johnston, is bold and pleasing, but we cannot say as much for the chessplayer (195), who seems, from the intense colour of her lips, to have been sucking the dye out of the red chessmen. There is a curious pink, too, about the insertion of the neck, suggestive of recent influenza and its attendant mustard plaster.

Mr. Sidney Percy gives us a nice, clear bit of Welsh atmosphere (5), and Mr. Beavis achieves a success in his "Outpost, Early Dawn" (15). The idea of vigilance is well conveyed, although the trooper's face is turned from us, and he is shown gazing over the misty, white moorland.

"The Actress and the Author" (29) by Mr. Pope, is well conceived. Poor Triplet—shall we say?—is equal in the most effective scene in his piece, and the lady is deeply in slumber. A spaniel tearing up a portion of the MS. hints at the ultimate destination of the tragedy. We cannot, amid our praise of the picture as a whole, help questioning the drawing of the author's figure. He seems to us something like a salmon when the middle cut is gone, and suggests the idea that his legs grow out of his bladebones.

"Morning after a Storm," by Mr. Crawhall, is a small picture which is very good in some points—the break of the wave on the shore and the stranded ship; but we are doubtful about the clouds and the sky. There is, however, nothing on which a critic should be more diffident of pronouncing than sky. People with eyes in their heads have seen over and over again effects and colours which, if reproduced on canvas, would be very generally declared untrue.

There can be no doubt about the truthfulness of Mr. E. Walton's "Silberhorn" (69). The platform of rock in front is real nature, and the pale shadows on the white peak, weakened by the reflection and glare of the snow, are especially admirable.

Mr. Jutsum's "Woods in Autumn" (63), ferny, sunny, and thoroughly English, make us half regret that it is hardly spring yet.

Mr. Ansdell's donkeys on "The Common" (84), bayed by the gipsy dog, are very lifelike, especially jacksn junior, whose young face is full of asinine thought and wonder.

The double effects of moonlight and fire or lamp light are not uncommon; but they are not often better rendered than in Mr. Smith's "At Sea and on Shore" (85)—a mother watching by her babe's cradle, while her heart is at sea with its father.

We must confess to a little disappointment at Mr. Dillon's "Karnac" (95), although his Italian sketches somewhat made up for it. We had expected some more of the gorgeous Eastern sunsets he paints so well. Does he think that the public will accuse him of sameness? We venture to assert they will not cry "Toujours perdrix" just yet.

We may notice, in passing, Mr. Mignot's "Twilight in the Tropics" (109), for some masterly rendering of fleecy, purple clouds, dashed with the red of the sunken sun.

Mr. Barraud's "Fride of the Desert" would have been better without the horse's head, which is a little wooden. This favourite artist has been a little too ambitious and tried animal-painting, which is not his forte, and he will pardon our friendly hint on the subject.

Mr. Hillingford's "Wedding Ring" (129) cannot fail to attract attention by the peculiarity of its style rather than by any special excellence. It has a very French look, and perhaps a French sentiment. A scene in "Norbury Park" (157) must not go without a word of praise; nor can we leave the north room without spending a few minutes of our too brief time, in contemplating the briny, breezy bit of sea in Mr. Hayes's "Gale off Ilfracombe" (191). We should not recommend those who are "not good sailors" to look at it too much, for there is a twirl and motion about the water that might touch some of the tenderest chords of memory; and although the institution has many governors and a president, it has, as far as we can learn, no steward.

Before quitting the north room we take one glance more round it and find we have omitted Mr. Wyburd's two charming pictures (let all give baby their special attention in the "Private View" (184), though we are sure papa-painter will think small fingers too near the canvas). We have also overlooked some half-dozen other pictures which deserve a good word from us. For instance—Mr. Powell's beggar (64), which is very lifelike (he has another (583) quite as good); Mr. Earle's "Doggies" (he, too, has more elsewhere—let those who love man's friend look for them); Mr. Luker's scared rabbits (66), the youngster "end on" being particularly full of fright and fur; and Mr. Halle's little girl, who reappears pretty often—and often pretty; and Mr. Frost's—Well!

But it is time we should enter the middle room. Here we find what we are almost inclined to call the best picture in the gallery—Mr. Pettie's "The Time and Place" (308). The grim determination of the swordsman, with the suggestive nervously free and easy hand thrust into the pocket of the trunk, is most admirable. Although this is hardly more than a sketch, the face is well studied.

Mr. Key's two pictures, "Winter" and "Summer" (261, 390), are a charming pair—the snow-shadows in the former being particularly truthful.

Mr. Egley's "Lanthe" (275) we should like better if it were a little truer to the text it professes to illustrate. Nothing to our mind is more unpardonable in an artist than the tagging of a poet's lines to a picture that does not embody them. (Mr. Millais's "Eve of St. Agnes," in the last Academy Exhibition, is an instance of this). Mr. Egley's picture is at variance with his third extract from Shelley. The soul of Lanthe, clad in a sort of nightgown, is a realisation we should have expected of a spirit-wrapper, not an artist. The colouring is, however, very pure and pleasing.

There is a little sunset piece (282) by Mr. J. Danby that is worthy of the name; and an illustration of the saw, "Old birds are not to be caught by chaff" (286), by Mr. Alfred Corbould, that is full of spirit, and would not disgrace our first of animal-painters.

Mr. Morgan's picture of the "Wedding Presents" (291) should have been called the "Melting Fair," for both the young ladies seem thawing into the background. Mr. Weeks's "John of the Syde" (352) deserves mention for sturdy conception and vigorous handling. We are quite as nervously anxious as the moss-trooper himself to make sure whether the distant specks are trees or pursuers. If the latter, we betide him with that over-laden horse! What can we have but praise for Mr. Jutsum's "Deek Park" (399), reminding us of Sevenoaks Park and a delicious ramble round it with choice companions! We have an approving smile, too, for Mr. Leslie's "Dry Dock" (376), where an old Greenwich pensioner is having a touch of polish put to his timber toe.

Mr. Pickersgill's picture (372) is styled "Preparing for the Bath;" it is almost a pity the lady has not gone there. The picture clearly has, for it is unmistakably "washy." The faults of colour and the selection of a bad and plain model are not atoned for even by good drawing.

Let us give a line to Mr. D. Cooper's "Dead, Sir, Dead" (377). The dog's head is full of life and eagerness, and we doubt whether he will hear the words addressed to him until they have been emphasised with the lash.

"The Thames from Blackwall" (349), by Mr. Hayes, is truly a charming picture, real enough to conjure up the flavour of lemon juice and brown bread, even the almost imperceptible delicacy of the whitebait.

What a pity that Mr. Ehninger's "Critics" (342) are not as well carried out as conceived! The notion is full of humour. But, then, the donkey!

Mr. Houston's "Watch and Ward" (333) is fine. We wish we could say as much for 280; but the shadow of the skipping girl is as wrong as it is ridiculous, and the figure, therefore, instead of being suspended, is pasted against the background like Peter Schlemihl.

A word of praise for Mr. G. Sant's "Broken Ground" (366), and Mr. Syer's "View on the Conwy" (378), and we must leave the middle room to resume our notice of the remaining pictures in the exhibition in our next Number.

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MERCUTIO FRANGIPANNI.
Morning breaks in golden splendour,
And the heavens seem to smile
Lovingly upon the beauties
Of Antiqua's purple isle.
From that island gentle breeze
Waft a fragrance o'er the deep
The kisses of a thousand flowers
Stolen from them while asleep.
On the vessel's deck the sailors
Gaze upon the fruitful slopes;
And in fancy shape the future
To their selfish dreams and hopes.
"See you island," cries the first one,
"It shall bring us wealth untold;
We will never come to harbour
We will rob it of its gold."
"We will toil and slave no longer,
No more need there'll be to roam,
For we'll lead the life of Fringes
When we reach our Spanish home."
"Home!" exclaims another, laughing,
"Every place is home to me;
I will make a nest of comfort
In this island of the sea."
"Day by day the tawny natives
Shall to me their treasures bring;
Ingots heavy, precious jewels,
Fitting tribute to their King."
Young Mercutio Frangipanni
Joins not in these worldly dreams;
And, as they speak, a shade of sadness
O'er his thoughtful forehead gleams.
"What is gold?" he cries, with passion
"Can it buy you joy or health?
Will ye never come to harbour
Peace and happiness for wealth?
"Look again—this lovely island
Teems with riches never yet
Than the glittering yellow metal
You would sell your souls to get.
"If I am to see no its treasures,
I will leave the island's gold,
For those better gifts of nature
Which those western climes unfold.
"See those birds of brilliant plumage—
See those incense-bearing trees;
What is all the gold of Ophir
To the precious wealth of these?
"Behold, again, those lovely flowers,
Jewelling the golden shores:
While a perfume rare and charming
From their chalice pours out.
"Oh! could I but catch that fragrance,
I would ask no other fame,
Than that those sweet-scented flowers
Should be coupled with my name."

There is in Rome a family bearing the patronymic of Frangipanni, as famous in Italy as the Plantagenets and the Tudors in England. The origin of the name of this family is traced to a certain office which an ancestor filled in the Church—that of supplying the holy bread, the wafer in one of the cere-monials. Frangipanni literally means "broken bread," and is derived from frangi, to break, and panni, bread. Hence we have the Frangipanni puddings, which good housewives know are made with the broken bread. One Mercutio Frangipanni, who lived in 1493, was a famous botanist and traveller, famous as being one of the Columbus expedition when they visited the West India Islands. The sailors, as they approached Antigua, discovered a delicious fragrance in the air. This Mercutio took the name, and was derived from sweet-smelling flowers. On landing, they found vast quantities of the Plumeria Alba in full bloom, rendering the air redolent with rich odour; and from this plant, which the present inhabitants of Antigua call the Frangipanni flower, is distilled that exquisite fragrance which is now so popular in fashionable circles.
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